

THE
ORPHANS OF SNOWDON.

A NOVEL.







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BY MISS GUNNING.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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IN a beautiful valley, at the foot of Snowdon, stood the humble cottage of Montgomery, from whose little casement the roving eye might contemplate with admiration and delight its purple summit, whose majestic grandeur is alone visible, whilst the Sun reveals a thousand glittering forms, as if to cast a shadow over the yawning gulph, and veil from mortal eyes the terrific scenes of danger by which they are surrounded, leaving the mind impressed with awful sensations at the tremendous view, so wild, so new, so extended.

Oh, that I could call to my pen the glowing pictures which present themselves to the astonished traveller, or that I could impart to my reader some portion of that interest with which my bosom is inspired for the fate of those hapless orphans, whose history I am about to undertake. Suffer me then, as historian of the pensive tale, to lead you to the door of that cabin they inhabited—Behold their sorrows, their tears, the works of their infant hands; listen to their childish discourse, replete with innocence, uttered with touching simplicity, and your soul will plunge in the enthusiasm of uncorrupted nature.

In every part of the landscape, the captivated eye may try to fix on one separate feature, yet is perpetually diverted by something still more interesting, till all other objects give place to the venerable Montgomery; less enfeebled by time than misfortunes. You see him at the door of his hovel;



hovel; in each hand he retains a lovely child, the more endeared to his heart by the unworthiness of her whom they once called mother.

Behold him ascending the ridges of the frowning steep, through a craggy path, worn by the tender hoof of many a sheep, which adorned the verdure of its sloping sides—See him arrived at the spot which, from its height, one might suppose he had chosen as bringing him nearer to the Divinity he adored; see him on his bended knees, hear him thus imploring protection for his helpless little ones.

“Thou, oh, my God, whose blessed will it was that I should be born to a state of ease and plenty; thou, by whose decree of sublime justice I have been deserted, despised, forsaken, extend thy merciful protection to these innocents when I shall be called from them; and, oh, Saviour of the

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World,

World, if it be thy will, pardon their guilty, their infatuated mother!"—See him rise from his knees, and hear him passionately exclaim, "Ah, Mary, Mary, you behold not my tears; you think no more of your lovely babes, or their miserable father!"—Here he was interrupted; his children clinging to his bosom, besought him not to weep, for their mother would surely come again, and they should all be happy.

"Happy!" repeated Montgomery, "yes, my children, and your future conduct shall draw down on your precious heads the blessing of Heaven. Oh, my God! I thank thee for this consolatory hope; it flows through my veins, and refreshes my soul. Embrace your father, my darlings; he prays for ye, and is comforted."—"And you prayed too that my mother might come, did you not father?"—"But if God will not send her back," said Loretta, "when we are big enough, we will go and seek for her,

her, shall we not brother?"—"What! would you leave your poor feeble father?" said Montgomery, pressing the child to his heart."—"No, indeed, indeed!" cried she, kissing his forehead as she spoke.—"Yes," added Lewis, "and if you should be so very, very old, as not to be able to walk about the world to look for our mother, we will carry you on our shoulders."—

"No more of this," said Montgomery, "your tenderness, the goodness of your young hearts too deeply affect me; in a short time I shall exist no longer, and you will then be but too much at liberty to follow your own imaginations; may they ever lead you to happiness."—"Oh dear," cried Lewis, "say not so my father; I would much sooner die myself than hear you talk of dying; rather be comforted, for we will some day look for our mother so diligently, that she shall not escape from our search."

—"My dearly beloved children," returned Montgomery, "should God spare me

until you are a few years older, I will relate the particulars of my life, and instruct you how to judge of the misfortunes which attended your earliest infancy ; there are none greater than to be deprived of a mother at that period of life when her cares would be the most wanted to instruct your young minds, and to plant within your breasts the seeds of virtue, the harvest of which has so fair a promise, from the purity of its soil.

The good Montgomery could not yet make confidants of his children, the eldest of whom being just eight and the other seven, were not capable of understanding or of feeling the magnitude of their father's sorrow ; reason kept more than equal pace with their age, insomuch that one could scarcely decide which was the most formed, their hearts or their understanding ; already could be discovered in these little creatures a solidity of judgment, a keenness of apprehension, that

that would not have discredited riper years; deprived of the advantages of education, Nature was their only friend; often profuse in her favours, never had she dealt them out with greater liberality than to our little inhabitants of the mountain; in the formation of their diminutive persons they strongly resembled each other, their hair falling in a luxuriant mass of auburn curls over their shoulders and forehead, nearly concealing the sweetest blue eyes that ever graced the Magdalen of a Guido; their full cheeks, coloured by the brilliant carnation of healthful exercise, was only surpassed in richness of tints by their small vermilion mouths, ever ornamented by smiles; their voices were harmonious, and touching even to the *soul* of harmony, as warbling their wild notes in little songs, at the close of day, to the ear of their delighted father; it was ever their Winter evening entertainment, as the little circle sat contented round their humble fireside.

With all their rustic gifts and graces, of the world and its inhabitants they were totally ignorant; at the approach of strangers, they would fly as from an enemy; the only living creatures with whom they kept up any intercourse was a small flock of sheep, and still smaller one of goats; the milking and folding of these pretty animals devolved on themselves, an occupation that charmed them, and from which they feared no danger.

Montgomery had encouraged this shyness in their infant minds, by never associating himself with the few peasants whose huts were nearest to his own; he had been deceived by the world, but most of all by the being dearest to him in it; these disappointments made him despise human nature in general; he saw in it nothing amiable but his children.

The

The present occupation of Montgomery was that of a wood-cutter, being sent by the wealthy owner of an estate near Snowdon, to fell timber in the forest, where with much toil he earned a scanty pittance for the support of himself and little ones; he had no wife to assist his labours, they no mother to hush their cries on her maternal bosom. Six years ago she had disappeared from the cot which harboured her disconsolate husband and forsaken infants, who were now robust enough to aid their father in some part of his business, such as carrying implements of husbandry to and from the forest, preparing turf for Winter, and at the close of every Summer evening loading themselves with the waste sticks, gathered from under the hatchet of their diligent parent, to replenish his blazing hearth by the time his labour was ended; never did that woe-worn father arrive at the winding path, from which he could catch a peep at his white cottage, but he

flood still to contemplate the blessings he still enjoyed, as the blue curling smoke, issuing from its thatched roof, and creeping towards the mountain top, put him in mind that his children were employed in preparing the repast which was to terminate his day of hard labour.

To provide the frugal supper was chiefly the task of Loretta, who, proud of the occupation, watched the ripening of the earliest fruit, and, with her little basket made of rushes, flew with the fleetness of a lapwing over the dewy grass to a bank, on which she had marked the wood strawberry glowing in its brightest crimson, to deck the board of her fond parent, her merry heart dancing at the idea of the praises he would bestow on his darling, when presenting him his wooden bowl, filled with fresh milk from the goats, heaped with his favourite fruit, yet far less fragrant the fruit itself than the breath of her
who

who made the delicious offering. Lewis shared the palm of attention with his lovely sister, taking upon him such domestic duties as his strength made him more capable of performing; it was his to follow the flocks in Winter, and in the sultry heat of Summer to watch by their sides, as they browsed on the mountain's summit; it was his hands which drew from their full udders the luscious beverage that almost sustained this little deserted family.

Familiarized to their lilliputian master, the harmless animals followed him every where, or if he was not with them, would seek him in the valley, at such hours as they had been accustomed to be relieved from their burthen, and would stand with their faces thrust over the low railing which secured the cottage of Montgomery, there patiently awaiting the arrival of their little friend, who by no act of wanton cruelty ever forfeited the confidence of those innocent

nocent creatures, or seldom would he let them depart, without giving to their bite some vegetable scraps from their garden of poverty, or the gentle loving stroke, to signify his gratitude for the rich present they had made him. The work of the day being over, and his flocks confined to their nightly pen, Lewis would set off (attended by his faithful dog Lion) in pursuit of his father, who having met, he would disburthen of his empty keg, and trot by his side till they reached the cottage door, at which Loretta was to be seen, distributing from her liberal hand amongst the feathered flock that gathered round her, all the crumbs of homely bread she had been able to borrow from the sparings of thrift, for which kindness they repaid her most willingly with their earliest and latest song. They would also shew their fond gratitude by perching on her curly head, pecking from her little white plump hands, or in obeying her call, when inviting their approach

proach in the sweet tones of melody so like their own.

Three chambers were contained under the lowly roof of Montgomery. One assigned to the uses of the dairy and store room ; one denominated the kitchen, though it served them as a parlour, and was kept as neat as a lady's dressing room. It was not indeed hung with French paper or looking-glasses, yet its decent whitened walls were sufficiently ornamented by well-chosen songs, heads of former great men, those of the present royal family, or at least an imitation of them, a map, an almanack, and the twelve golden rules. All the other furniture consisted of an hour glass, a few brown cups, some plates of the same manufactory, three rush chairs, a wooden stool, and a dark wainscot table. We next proceed to the dormitory, where, on three separated co-partments, quietly reposed the father and his little brood. Draw near ye
sons

from between the gray clouds, we shall have a sultry noon: Lewis will have warm work—but my little Loretta—” As he announced the beloved name, his soliloquy was interrupted by what he thought the pretty figure of Loretta herself, on the green underneath the eminence on which he stood. He stooped forward to distinguish with greater accuracy. Treacherous chance! Fatal curiosity! Irresistible fate! His sight failed him, a sudden sickness came over him, he missed his footing, and, oh shocking to relate! was in an instant precipitated over the precipice.

At the bottom rolled a foaming river, which seemed to lift up its sides to receive the mangled body of Montgomery; but Providence decreed it otherwise, and he escaped a watery grave, to occupy one in consecrated ground. His fall had been broken by the union of some firm branches from ancient trees, whose roots were almost
in

in a state of decay, having by tradition ornamented the side of Snowdon mountain upwards of five centuries, in the mid way between earth and heaven.—But, alas! this cradle of safety, though it preserved Montgomery's life for the present, could not prolong that life beyond the limits prescribed by fate. He had received many bruises, and some blood flowed from wounds inflicted on his flesh by sharp pieces of rock, as he rolled over their surface.

The good man, there is no doubt, had been seized with a fit of apoplexy, before he encountered the accident, or perhaps it was the very means to which the sad disaster may be attributed. It was long before he recovered to a sense of his deplorable situation, and much longer before he could extricate himself from it, when feeling as he thought death creeping thro' his shattered frame, he crawled towards the cottage which contained his treasures,

once

once more to embrace them, if it was the will of Heaven to snatch him from their arms in the subsequent moment.

He had no regrets at quitting a life that burdened him from the time he found himself abandoned by a wife on whom he doted—cruelly, treacherously abandoned! Yet to part for *ever* with her children—to see them no more—to leave them without protection, without friends, without money, and without strength to earn a subsistence by labour, created a pang more severe than that which divides the soul from her earthly tabernacle, and no sooner had he entered the open door of his poor hut, than overpowered by such agonizing reflections, he fell without sense or motion into the arms of those dear affrighted infants, who giving a loud cry, caught him before his body had quite reached the rough pavement.

Whilst

Whilst indulging the magnitude of their grief, these good children did not forget that the parent they so much loved was in immediate need of their assistance, between them they lifted him on his mattrass, Loretta ran to the well for water, which mingling with her own salt tears, she cast with her little trembling hand over his ghastly countenance, and they had soon the comfort to hear him sigh, to see him open his eyes, and to feel the pressure of his grasp.

Lewis, convinced that his father still lived, left him to the care of his sister, and sobbing as if his heart would break, ran or rather flew towards the next village, which although only two miles distant, he had never seen but once, when Montgomery carried him thither, on account of some childish complaint, for which he was told he might find relief from the doctor who resided in that village. This doctor was an honest labourer, who being able to read, had,

had, from studying the Farrier's Guide forty years, acquired a smattering of pharmacy, was held by his simple neighbours as a prodigy of learning, and they never omitted to consult him for the large fee of sixpence, when ill themselves, or when any thing ailed their cattle.

Lewis remembered the capital lettered motto over the door of this wise man's hut ; I DOES GOOD TO MAN AND BEAST ; he recalled it with a sort of rapture engendered by despair. Ready to place implicit faith on that skill so publicly announced, he appeared before the doctor, fell on his knees, weeping, moaning, and at last exclaiming ; " Oh ! doctor ; my father, my dear father is dying ! Come and save him ! Oh ! come and save him ! Or let Loretta and Lewis die with him ! "

" That, my poor boy," replied the humane peasant, raising the youth from his humble

humble posture; "that cannot be the work of man but of God! If I save the life of Master Montgomery, it must be by God's permission; but as to taking away your's or your sister's, such things do not come into my practice. However, let us be gone, and we will see what is to be done for your father."

Sometimes walking, sometimes running, sometimes standing still to catch breath, the doctor made shift to keep up with his fleet guide, and they entered Montgomery's cottage together, where Lewis had the exquisite felicity to find his tender parent able both to move and speak, which alteration for the better, was first announced to him by the sparkling eyes of Loretta. Why, sweet innocent, why should calamity at this instant be preparing rivers of tears to extinguish their fires!

By help of bandages, bleeding, and fomentations extracted from herbs, which the
kind-

kind-hearted doctor gathered with his own hands at the foot of the mountain, his patient was so much relieved, that taking leave with a promise to return the next day, he departed, laden with the thanks and blessings of those, whose bodily and mental smarts his cares had considerably assuaged.

Lewis and Loretta, though the dupes of fallacious hope, closed not their eyes during the whole night, as they sat silently watching at the side of their father, who slept so soundly, that at last they ventured to whisper their joy to each other, on the prospect they had conceived of seeing him quite well by morning. But, alas! the morning brought no augmentation to their sanguine expectations, his face was more pale than even on the preceding evening, his eyes more fixed, and his voice more languid.

“ My

“My dear, my dutiful children,” said he in feeble accents, “give me a draught of water, then lie down on your beds, and when you have slept to refresh yourselves sufficiently, let me see you again.” Never had they disobeyed his commands, nor did they now presume to dispute them; but their impatience to return back, would not permit them to sleep, till Nature, that had long struggled with sensibility, having obtained the victory, sealed up their swollen eye-lids, which were opened no more before the voice of their father summoned their attendance.

They clung on his neck, and pressed his livid lips with kisses, which had pronounced to them, that he felt himself better. “Then you will live!” said Lewis. “Then you will live, my dear father!” re-echoed Loretta!

“It

“ It may please the Almighty,” replied Montgomery, “ to spare me a little for the sake of my darlings ; whatever be his gracious destination, I am submissive to his holy will, and I must teach you also the lesson of humble resignation.”

The pretty listeners did not rightly understand the full meaning of this last expression, and with eyes immovably fixed on those of their father, they remained in an attitude of attention as he thus proceeded.

“ I have told you that my life may yet be lengthened, I feel as if I should recover ; but, dearest children, my spirits being good and my voice strong, I mean to give you the history of my former days, and of the wrongs I sustain, in which you are too much involved. My tale is not a long one—” “ Oh,” interrupted Loretta, “ I am very sorry for that.”—“ Yet you should not be sorry, my child, for being short it will
will

will take a deeper root in your memory. I am by birth a gentleman; your grandfather was a man of independent though not large fortune. He had one son besides myself, and my mother died in giving me life. Just as I had attained my twenty-first year, my father followed her to the grave, a misfortune I shall lament to the latest hour. He left a will behind him so singular, as afforded a solid foundation for my everlasting misery, yet neither my brother or self accused him of injustice. We loved or seemed to love, with the tenderest fraternal affection, therefore thought it no hardship to divide our father's property equally between us, on the condition that we inhabited the same house, but that either being so adventurous to contract marriage, should forfeit all interest in the effects to the other. Such was the will of your grandfather, my loves, such the situation of your uncle and myself, in the days of my prosperity. That invincible abhor-

rence to matrimony imbibed by our other-wife good parent, originated from domestic occurrences unnecessary for you to know. So frightful were the pictures he constantly drew of wedded misery, so beautiful those of fraternal happiness, which he was wont to say would never remain in due force, longer than we both continued bachelors, that so far from wishing our powers enlarged, we thought it would have been tempting our own destruction. However, though we patiently submitted to that restraint imposed on the freedom of election, yet to prevent our feeling the shackles of compulsion even in imagination, we mutually agreed, that at any time, if either should chuse to change his condition, the forfeiture annexed should never be exacted by the other.

Twenty years did we live together in the greatest harmony.—Pity, oh! my children, the folly of your father, who, trusting
to

to the word of a perfidious brother, at the age of forty, gave his hand to a girl of sixteen, lovely as the sun at its rising, but portionless as thy wretched selves. If ye can forgive me, come and embrace the imprudent misguided author of your miserable existence !”

He paused and held out his arms—moaning and sobbing, their cherub faces fell on his bosom !—Still holding them near his heart, and having dried their tears, he thus continued.

“ Immediately I wrote to inform your uncle what I had done, and so little did I doubt his honour, as even to blush as I reminded him of our mutual engagement, thinking thereby, I unworthily harboured a doubt of his integrity. Still considering myself as the joint proprietor of our undivided effects, I conducted my wife from the altar to that house, of which I fondly

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supposed

supposed she would have been the brightest ornament; but, oh, my poor boy! my sweet girl! how were my expectations blighted even in the very bud, by the cruelty of that brother, in whom my heart reposed its unbounded confidence!—Instead of answering my letter, I received a visit from his lawyer, who, in the name of his client, possessed himself of house, money, lands, every thing. In vain I pleaded the condition so solemnly, but alas! not formally ratified. My brother forfeited *his* honour, and *I* lost my estate. Your mother's affections alone remained the solitary wreck of all my treasures, and whilst I possessed of them, every other evil in vain assailed to unman me.

“ Ashamed to subsist by labour where I had lived in affluence, with the few pounds we could muster, I carried her into Wales, hoping to obtain for her a livelihood of some sort or other, as my family, in former times,

times, had originated from that country, for which I imbibed an early partiality, from the representations made of it to me when young, by my grandfather and father.

“Here again I was disappointed of my aim, for in spite of our best endeavours, we were reduced to a state of poverty, more extreme than you, my darlings, have ever experienced, and must inevitabl have died of hunger, but for the charitable gentleman who sent us hither, to cut timber in the forest belonging to his estate. He built and furnished this cottage, first consulting me on which side the mountain it should be erected. I pointed out the spot where you find it, chusing rather to climb by the winding path every day to where my work lay, than on the one nearest to it, because better secured from tempest, and less encumbered by neighbours.”

“And what, father, is become of that good gentleman?” asked Lewis. “He is dead, my child.” “And who is our master now?” “His son, but of him I know nothing.” Lewis was again silent, and Montgomery continued.

“The content of your mother and myself, was established by thy birth soon after we took possession of the cottage, and that of thy sister completed our happiness on the year following. Mary, my Mary was like yourselves, so gentle, so complying, that her presence shed grace, sweetness and plenty, on every surrounding object. In her society, I sought no other enjoyment, but thought my felicity might draw down on me the envy of princes. Alas! your grandfather, my babes, knew better than I did, how to rate the frail attachments of erring woman! In my way home, on a fine summer evening, it was my hapless luck to encounter one of those pests to society, who,
under

under the name of travellers, pursue their
vices more than their improvement. His
appearance was prepossessing, his manners
polished, his tones insinuating; he asked
me several questions as he walked by my
side, which I answered with more than ci-
vility, by inviting him to my cottage. He
looked surprised, at finding something in
my speech less plain than in my habit, yet
took no farther notice at that time, of his
having made any such observation, but
most courteously consented to go home
with me, complaining how greatly he was
fatigued in recovering the road he had lost,
which would lead him to the place where
his servant and horses waited for him. "I
have besides," said he, "been strolling over
the mountains almost since the dawn of
morning, so insatiable is my thirst for the
sublime and wonderful of Nature, never
more beautifully displayed, than in the
scene before us."

“Gratified by the conversation of man, such as I once associated with, I forgot my condition, as well as the distance which fortune seemed to have placed between us, giving my opinion of men and things, as if I had been independent of them all.

“The constraint of a first introduction passed away, freedom of discourse succeeded. I gave him the account he required of the place and people. He also asked what was my occupation, and when I told him, seemed to express great wonder how I could make myself content in so laborious, so solitary a condition.

“Ah! Sir,” said I, “when by and bye I shew you the gems my cabin contains, your astonishment will subside; you will then allow I have cause for more than content, with the lot fate has drawn for me from the lap of fortune.”

“My

“ My good friend,” cried the stranger, catching hold of my hand ; “ this is not the language of a peasant, far better would it become the lips of a Cicero.” Fearful that he might dive deeper for a secret which shame made me desirous to conceal, I only replied, “ that I was unworthy the compliment ; for, if by chance I spoke better than common, love alone had inspired me with eloquence.” “ Love !” repeated he, “ still more strange : Love ! and at your — (he did not say age, but he looked it expressively)—I beg your pardon, I honour you with all my heart, but —” “ We were so near home, that your mother with you, my Lewis, holding by her apron, and my little blue eyed Loretta hanging at her snowy bosom, came out to meet me, little expecting that I was bringing under my roof a serpent, whose poisonous breath would infect her purity with the pestilence of vice, and plunge his sting into the very vitals of his unsuspecting entertainer.”

tainer."—"Naughty, naughty man!" exclaimed Loretta.—"I will kill him, father, when I am a man!" cried Lewis, his face covered with crimson.—"No, my brave boy," replied Montgomery, "we must leave our private injuries to God, who will not fail to redress them. If a sword is ever put into your hand, let it never be lifted against any other enemy but those of your king, your religion, and your country."

"Pray brother," said Loretta impatiently, "do not stop our father so often, for you do not know how much I want to hear about that naughty serpent man, who stung him and mother, when she came out with you and I to meet him."—Montgomery kissed them both more than once, and re-assumed the discourse.

"When I presented my wife, blushing with modest confusion, at being detected in giving sustenance to her infant by a stranger,

stranger, and when I lifted up you, my poor babes, to the arms of my new acquaintance, he offered his services to better our circumstances with so much warmth, sincerity and frankness, that if we did not give him our whole hearts, we could not without ingratitude, refuse him our entire friendship.

“ Under pretence of viewing at his leisure the magnificent scenes in the neighbourhood of Snowdon, he protracted his stay much beyond the time fixed for his departure, and no single day passed, that did not bring him to our cottage, except on such hours as he was sure of finding me at home. I asked not his name for fear of offending, nor did he ever tell it of his own accord; we accosted him by the appellation of *Sir*, and in speaking of him, called him only the gentleman.

“ The soul of your mother was gentle even to feebleness, penetration seemed to form no part in her character, yet she often blamed the stranger’s reserve, respecting the rank he bore in society, once adding, that to judge by appearances, it must be eminently conspicuous. Sometimes she would observe with all the simplicity of genuine prudence, that we ought to be more circumspect in forming so close an intimacy with a man of whom we knew so little, and that little only from himself.

“ I admired the caution which I could by no means adopt, and would cry out on such representations, Dearest creature ! What have we to apprehend from a being so every way amiable ; but even suppose him less honest than he appears to be, we have nothing to lose ; what harm can he do ?—She always heard me with mildness, and either remained silent, or turned the conversation into another channel.

“ Business

“ Business which concerned the interest of my employer, called me to a town twenty miles from Snowdon, and the hours of my absence were occupied by visions of the fancy never to be realized. They represented your mother flying into my arms on my return home, with as much joyful haste, as she shewed sorrowful reluctance at quitting them on my departure.

“ I found as usual, the door of our cabin open, it is the privilege of poverty to require neither bolt nor bar for its security, and before my foot had passed the threshold, I called upon the name of my Mary, from whom I expected so sweet a reception. Mary heard me not ! The cries of my angel babes drew me to your chamber, where I hoped to have found her, but where I saw only my little treasures bound down on their beds, and heard Lewis, who was only beginning to lisp half formed words, cry out, “ Man—, man—, mammy, mammy.”—

my.”—“ A paper which I snatched from the ground, ascertained the reality of my misfortune. It was written in the hand of your mother, and contained these words.”

“ IT is time to undeceive the poor old man—the unnatural alliance is broken—June will no longer repose on the bosom of December—I go with the amiable stranger—Adieu, Montgomery.”

Here paused the venerable historian! then added—“ It is best, my children, that you should ever remain ignorant of the passions, with which the reading of your mother’s billet deformed the soul of your father, who now on the bed of sickness, considers them with remorse, shame and penitence!”

“ But you will not die, father!—You shall not die!” cried alternately the weeping

ing, already half-orphaned children!——
“No, my pretty innocents,” replied the agitated parent, “I trust it will be God’s pleasure, for *your* sakes, to spare me a little longer.” He spoke thus to appease their grief, for he had many hours felt the hand of death stretched towards him; and it was the hasty advances of this spectre which made him exert the best of his remaining strength, not to carry with him beyond the grave a secret that hereafter may behove the interest of his little ones. He had, by the greatness of the effort, drawn it to the very dregs, and to recruit his exhausted spirits, pretended to fall asleep, which sealed up the lips of his diminutive nurses, whose watchfulness could only be exceeded by their fears of losing so precious a parent.

Having rested a sufficient time, he again revived, and they again were all ear to catch the sound of what he might have still say

say to them, for dearly did they love to hear him talk, though sometimes their dutiful hearts were almost broken by the sorrowful words he uttered.

“My loves,” said Montgomery, renewing the discourse, “now that I feel myself much better, if you are as willing to listen as I am to speak, we will hold a little more serious conversation.”—They stamped their delighted consent to this proposition on the lips, the forehead, the hands of their father, who with real animation, and pretended cheerfulness, bad Lewis draw out from under the bed a small box, the key of which he took from a ribband hanging round his neck.

The eyes of his little audience sparkled with joy; they were about to be gratified with the sight of something they had long wished to contemplate; it was the contents of that very box Lewis was ordered to produce

duce from its hiding-place. Often had they pulled it out, admired the workmanship, wished to know what was in it, and enquired of their father, but obtained no satisfaction to their enquiries, either from his replies or their own endeavours, for which reason their eagerness to see it now was evinced by so many monkey tricks, that Montgomery thought proper to divide their attention. Laying his death-cold hand on the object of their present devotion—"My children," said he, "before I open this box, in which is all the worldly wealth I have, and which will one day be yours, you must hear me explain *when* it will be so, and that you are not to possess it but by obedience to the injunctions I am going to lay on you, which, young as you are, I expect you will constantly remember with reverence, and perform with exactness."

They promised every thing, rubbing their little hands with impatience, which
changed

changed into the profoundest attention when their pious parent called upon them for the whole of it. "I see," continued he, "that you will always be as good as I have hitherto found you; and though the precious contents of this box cannot be your own until my head is laid low, I mean until I am carried to my grave—"

Tears now superseded the smiling joy which before shone in the eyes of Lewis and Loretta—"Weep not," my sweet loves, I God may yet permit me to live many, many years, but you know we must all die at one time or other."—"Yes, yes," sobbed the pretty afflicteds, "but not yet, father!"—"Oh, no, I only speak of what may be at a great distance."—"How long do you think, father?"—"I cannot tell that, but whenever it should happen, remember I *now* tell you that this solitary place will be unfit for you to abide in, and that it is my command you seek your
substance

subsistence in a country where labour is less scarce and more supportable. The pride which drove me from England, you have not even the weak motive that actuated my conduct to plead in your excuse; like me, should you bury yourselves in these barren mountains, unknown, unfriended, unprotected!—Why look so sad, my pretty ones? I talk of events which may not happen these twenty years.”——

“That is a long time,” cried Lewis, “so why, sister, should we vex ourselves, for by then we shall be old enough to die with our dear father.” Loretta smiled through her tears, as Lewis kissed away those which had strayed down her cheeks. “I do not cry for that,” said she, “but because I cannot help it.”

“Inimitable children,” continued Montgomery, “you both reason like philosophers; let us then suppose I should die twenty years hence, or to-morrow, you must

must not forget what I would then have you do—Go, my orphan lambs! Go to England—England may be more favourable to you than it has been to your father!—Yes, the God of Prophecy, bids me announce, that in England, you will be fortunate; that hospitable country will receive into its bosom its own innocent exiles!—And now, my children,” said he, seeing they were so much affected as to require a short respite, “we will examine our little treasure,” applying, as he spoke, the key to the lock, which action gladdened their pretty countenances, and covered them with the rosy tints of expectation.

With eager glance, and hands that longed to be meddling, if filial reverence had not fastened them down to their sides, did they watch the unfolding of paper after paper, when, taking from the innermost one a small case, Montgomery, with his face averted, gave it to his anxious observers, bidding

bidding them open it; a task which they performed with avidity.

“Why, father,” exclaimed Lewis, “here is only a little girl like my sister in this pretty box!”—“Feel, brother, feel,” added Loretta, with surprize equal to his own, “she does not move!”—“It is only a picture, my love, and of her who was thy mother!”—“Will she hear us if we speak to her, father?”—The groan he had suppressed choaked his utterance. “If she can, we will tell her to come home again,” said the infant, whom this cruel mother had forsaken almost at her birth. “No, no, no, she can neither see nor hear thee!”—Then returning it to the box with haste, as if afraid his resolution of never beholding it more might yield to temptation; he next drew out a handsome seal, impressed with his own arms, the use of which he fully explained to their intelligent comprehension, telling them, that by means of the picture

picture and the seal they might some day or other find out their mother, and, perhaps, be restored to that heritage he had so madly forfeited.

“Here,” continued he, taking up a small slip of paper, is the certificate of your mother’s marriage with me, and I charge you restore it to her, if it should happen that you ever meet. Be more dutiful to her than she has been just to you; tell her I forgive her, and pray that God also will pardon all that she has done amiss.”——“But shall we not forget in twenty years, father, what you tell us to do now.”——“No, think of my words every day, my good boy, and you will never forget them.”——“Ah!” cried Loretta, whose eyes wandered from one object to fix on another, “oh dear, there is a pretty book, father; look, brother, did you ever see any thing so fine?”——It was a small family Bible, bound in Morocco, and neatly gilt.

Montgo-

Montgomery, lifting it respectfully to his bosom, pressed it to his heart with reverence. "This," cried he, in tones of ecstasy, "this little book, my darlings, is the best legacy the tenderest of fathers can bequeath to the most loved of children. It is the word of God, which I have already taught you to honour and obey. It contains exactly the same prayers, the same chapters, you read every day in the old book, covered with green baize, the only difference is, that this has a finer outside, and will be easier for you to carry from hence than that large one which you can now lift but with difficulty."—"Yes, but in twenty years, father, I shall be a man, and able to carry a hundred weight."—"True, my son, but in the mean time we must make our burden to our strength. I desire this book may be your constant companion, as you must promise me to be that of your sister when you go into the world, and then the almighty Providence will conduct

duct your steps and prosper your fortunes! I have now shewn you all the riches I possess, and from this moment present you with the key of them," giving it to Lewis, after having locked the box.

The child seemed to feel repugnance at taking it, tears rushed to his eyes, he retreated back.—“What is the matter, Lewis?”—“Ah, my father!”—“Fear nothing, I can demand it again from you whenever I have occasion to do so.”—“I thought you meant to have died now!”—“It will be time enough, my affectionate child, to think so when I give you cause, by complaining that I am ill.”—“Then I will take the key father,” and he hung it about his neck as he had seen it worn by his good parent.”

“Now again let us talk, my babes, of the journey you will one day or other make to England.”—“Is it a great way off?”

off?" asked Lewis.—"A great way off," echoed Loretta.—"Yes, but I have told you God will be your conductor.—"And when we get there, where shall we go, father? Pray, pray, do not send us to that wicked man who turned you out of doors."

—"No, Lewis, no, I will not even tell you in what county he resides, lest at any time, forgetting your duty to Heaven, you should presume to take upon you that vengeance which belongs only to itself. Should the Almighty King of Earth and Heaven think fit to restore the rights of my injured children, he will not want the aid of man to effect it."—"But, father, who will give us money to pay for food, or who will give us any thing to eat when we are hungry?"

Staggered by this question, and almost in the act of expiring, he fell back on his bed, when fancying he had again fallen asleep, the angel children placed them-

selves kneeling at his feet. They had been in this silent position more than half an hour, in all which time they only heard the object of their cares sigh once, but that so deeply, as made them hope he had been snoring.

Still on their knees, with their hands fastened in each other, and their faces hid in the rug that covered their father's body, whose soul had flown to his God in that sigh, which they considered as the forerunner of refreshment, they were roused by the entrance of the kind-hearted village doctor, who, foreseeing what would be the event, had brought with him the equally kind-hearted curate of the same village.

They stopped at the door, in a sort of devotional ecstasy, admiring the little pair of turtles mourning over the nest of their parent bird. "How does your father, my pretty

pretty ones, and as good as you are pretty?" said the Doctor. They got up on their feet at the sound of his voice, and ran towards him, crying out, as they clung about his knees, "You have cured father, he is very well now, and will not die these twenty years; you may wake him, and give him some physic, for he has slept long enough;" when seeing a stranger, Lewis bowed, and Loretta curtsied to the curate, with so sweet a grace, that he half smothered them in his embraces, from whence he had not released them, when he received a hint by a motion from the doctor's extended hand, *that all was over*. "The doctor wants to be alone with his patient, you must go with me, my dears," said their new friend. "Let me see my father first," cried Lewis, escaping from his grasp. "And me too," said Loretta, trying to wriggle herself from his yet faster hold, that she might follow her brother, when in accents of terror he exclaimed, "How
D 2 cold

cold he is ! How pale he is ! He does not look at me ! He does not hear me ! He does not speak to me ! Oh, father, father, what is the matter with you, my dear father !"—“ Your father is no more, my good boy,” replied the physical inspector, in a voice of gentle compassion. Both children now set up a scream that pierced through the souls of the doctor and the curate, whilst Loretta involuntarily returned to the latter, and clung about his knees, as if to seek protection from that enemy which had destroyed her parent, her only parent !

Having led, or rather dragged these little victims of sorrow from the chamber of death, and appeased the storm of a first unregulated impression, the curate led them home to his own cottage, hardly superior in its appearance to what they had before inhabited, where he tenderly sheltered the interesting orphans until the rites

of burial had been decently bestowed on their father.

The venerable remains were interred in the most honourable part of the small church-yard, being next to the pastor's hut, and almost close to his door. Our two little deploring ones attended the last ceremony, and would willingly have gone into the grave with their father, but Mrs. Evans, the worthy maiden sister of a poor curate, who on ten pounds a year did more good than many a man does on ten thousand, and who held one in each hand, stopped, by the wisdom of her remonstrances, their meditated purpose, restrained their complainings within the bounds of reason, and by the tenderest caresses, as soon as she brought them back to the house, sent them to bed, with maternal hopes that their sorrows would be hushed in the soft bosom of repose.

If the prayers of righteous people do not always accord with the instant accomplishment of their wishes, let them patiently wait the final award of Providence, who never fails, however slowly, to work out its own gracious purposes. It is a sort of resignation by which they will be brought to confess that the blessing they pant for, though out of sight, is only suspended over their heads by the finger of Him who best knows when it will be most for their own advantage to cover them with it.

Contrary to the prayers of Mrs. Evans, the children of her charity never spent so comfortless a night as that succeeding the funeral. There was not a spare bed at the Parsonage, but the lonely orphans were accommodated by their matronly provider, by the aid of brown bags, worn out cushions, new straw of her brother's own threshing, white blankets of her own weaving, and coarse sheets of her own spinning, with
wholesome

wholesome couches, such as Princes might sleep upon with unbroken sweetness, provided that they possess the innocence of the little pair, and are not, like them, under the dominion of heart-felt agony!

The beds were placed so close together, that, although it was long after they had lain down before either could speak for sobbing, yet, like the babes in the wood, their pretty hands were fondly clasped in each other. At length the silence was broken by Loretta—"Don't cry so, brother, we shall die too one day or other, and go into the pit-hole with our father."—"I know that as well as you do, Loretta, but it is a very nasty place, and I don't like it."—"Yes, but, Lewis, you would like to go there to see father."—"How should I see father, when it is as dark as pitch."—"Don't frighten me, don't, Lewis;" and she hid her head under the bed cloaths. Here the lamentations of both were re-

newed almost to suffocation, in which state they continued till morning broke upon their swollen eye-lids, and chased away in part the gloom in which darkness had wrapped their timid imaginations.

Lewis now proposed that they should get up, put on their cloaths, steal softly out of the house, and go home to fetch away the box of pretty things given them [by their father, with the other little matters they possessed, being resolved, in obedience to his last commands, to leave Snowdon, and make their way towards England. "But first," said Lewis, weeping as he spoke, "let us go and kiss our sheep and our goats, for we shall never see them again! They have no master now! And we have no father!"

Poor little disconsolates! Go your ways to take a last leave of that dear hut, whose thatched roof has hitherto sheltered ye from
the

the forms of fortune—Go with your companion, your early play-fellow, shaggy coated Lion, to follow your melancholy steps, and to guard them from molestation ! Ye have, indeed, lost a good, a kind, a wise father, but another has taken you up, infinite in goodness, kindness, and wisdom !—That Supreme Being, whose mercy embraces the whole universe, adopts the children of his love, and becomes the father of the fatherless !”

Arrived at the door of their hut, they entered it trembling, with their pretty faces averted, as if afraid to look at one another ; yet, actuated by the same amiable sensibility, they both knelt down before the chair in which their beloved parent used to place himself when receiving their caresses, after his day of labour had closed, and the domestic pleasures of evening invited his participation. Resting their heads on the humble seat, they kissed it with reverence,

and wept bitterly. "Loretta, dear Loretta," cried Lewis, "we shall break our hearts if we stay here any longer!"—He got up, and tenderly raised Loretta—"You shall go no further," said he, "stand outside the door with Lion, whilst I fetch the box."—"And, brother," sobbed she, "do not forget to bring my best coat, my round cap, and our clean changes."

As she hung over the low pales, waiting the return of Lewis, the newly awakened birds, accustomed to be fed from her hand, hovered round her head, and, as if in gratitude for her former kindness, exerted all their powers of melody to enliven her thoughts, but she could only say to them, *I shall never see you more.*

The sheep were crying from their fold for a greater range of pasturage, and the goats descending from the mountain, when Lewis came out, laden with his box and
what

what other trifles he could collect, overpowered as he was by agony at every new object, which reminded him, that *here*, four days ago, he saw his father well, and in three days after, *there*, on that bed, he had seen him expire. His heart was so full, he could not speak, but looking a tearful adieu on his approaching flock, he seized the arm of his sister, neither of them opening their lips till they reached the hospitable parsonage, where Mrs. Evans was preparing for their breakfast a comfortable mess of pottage.

After passing a week with these kind friends, Lewis told them that he and Loretta must bid them good bye.—“Whither would you go, my children?” asked Mrs. Evans.—“Where our father told us we must go, to England.”—“Yes, indeed, we must go to England,” said Loretta.—“Are you sure your father commanded you to take so very hazardous a journey.”—“Oh;

very sure!" said the little girl, shaking her head. "What, without friend to accompany you, or money to subsist you?"—"Our dear, dear father said we should find friends in England, and the two guineas you gave us for our sheep and goats is money enough; so, good reverend Sir, we will go, if you please."—"No, my worthy boy, you shall stay with us a little longer."—"Sweet dears," added Mrs. Evans, kissing them fondly, "we cannot part with you yet."—"I wish," cried her brother, in the very spirit of benevolence, "I could have given thee ten guineas for thy sheep; but it was my *all*—Ah! sister, till now did you ever hear me complain of poverty?—Oh, that I had enough to cloath, feed, and keep these inimitable children for ever in my sight!"—"Indeed, indeed," cried Lewis, "we could not stay, if you would give us all the world, our father said, "Go to England," and we would rather be buried with him in his dark grave than disobey

obey his orders."—"Alas! my dears, the two guineas will not last long, and when that is gone, how will you get bread?"

"We will beg it," cried Lewis, "rather than not do what our father told us."

"Alas! my worthy, dutiful, honest, little fellow, are you sure to find those who will give you bread?"

"Then we will earn it," retorted the manly youth.

"How, at your tender age, do you hope to earn it?"

"I can dance a hornpipe, and Loretta can sing, and father said we should never be ashamed to do any thing honest to make our way in the world."

"Yes,

"Yes, brother, joined in the pretty girl, but now that we are so very, very sorry, how will you be able to dance, or I to sing? It is better we should cry, for that does us good."

"So we will, Loretta, for we can cry all the night, and get a bit of bread by singing and dancing all the day."

The Curate's eyes were brim full, those of Mrs. Evans covered with her handkerchief.

"Have you considered, my good children," asked the former, "how almost impossible it will be that you should find out your way from one country to another without a guide?"

"God will be our guide, answered Lewis, "for father told us he would."

"And

“ And I am pretty fure,” added Loretta, “ father never told fibs, and fo God muft take us up, and go along with us too.”

“ Ever, ever, dear innocents,” exclaimed Evans, “ preserve your dependance on God alone, and he will, indeed, go with you every where.”

“ Then we may now go, good Sir, may we not, with many thanks for all favours?”

Here they both held up their blooming cheeks to receive the laft kifs from the lips of their deeply penetrated protectors ; but they, quite overcome by the emotions of admiration and pity, caught them to their hearts, and declared they would rather die than let them go away where they fhould never fee them more !—Yet, after all, finding them fturdy to their purpofe, they were forced to tell them they would not give them the two guineas, which was
the

the price of their sheep, before they had stayed one week longer, and during the rest of the day, they invented a thousand ways to amuse these precious children of charity, but they were not to be diverted from paying strict obedience to the commands of their father.

When at bed-time Lewis could speak to his sister without being overheard, he thus began.

“It does not signify, Loretta, we must not stay here; you know, we must go to England. I believe Parson Evans means to keep us here always: What do you think, my dear sister?”

“Indeed Lewis, I don't know, but Parson Evans and Mrs. Evans are very good to us.”

“Oh

“ Oh very, very good! But would you, live with them for ever, Loretta?”

“ No, brother, that I would not for all the world, because you know why.”

“ Then mind what I tell you,” said Lewis. “ They will not let us go if they should be awake, so don’t go to sleep, and when we can see to put on our clothes, we will steal away, the same as when we went home to fetch the pretty box.”

“ What! Sha’nt we come back any more, brother?”

“ Oh yes, when we have got a great deal of money in England, we will come again to Snowdon, and give it all to the minister and his sister, who are so fond of us now that we have nothing to give them.”

“ But

“ But then, Lewis.”

“ What then, Loretta ?”

“ Why if we go away before they are awake, how shall we have all that money they promised us for our poor dear little sheep ?”

“ Never mind that, we don't want it and they do; the parson is old, besides he is a gentleman, and don't you remember how he groaned, because he had not enough to maintain us, or how he wept, when he said he wished he could pay us more for our flock, but that the two guineas was all he had.”

“ Yes, I remember it very well, brother, so let us do as you say, for it would vex me sadly to carry away any of his money with us.” —

Thus

Thus did these innocent, grateful prattlers, deliver the pure sentiments of their untainted hearts, after which they arranged every thing for their departure at the break of day; but sleep stealing on their busy fancies, effectually enslaved them in her trammels, until effulgent morning beamed upon their eyes, and set them at liberty.

Thrice had the wooden clock which ornamented the Curate's contracted kitchen, by the word cuckoo, announced the hour to be three, when Lewis starting up and resting on his elbow, cried out, "Loretta, Loretta, it is time to be going—we might have slept till noon, if that pretty bird had not come out to tell the hour, and bid us prepare for our journey."

"I shall be ready in a minute, my dear Lewis," said Loretta, "and am very much obliged to the pretty little bird, for putting us in mind of our duty."

She

She was as good as her word, and having put the box, together with their scanty provision of clothes in a bundle, wrapped about with one of her own little aprons, they next crept softly out at the door, knelt down by the grave of their father, bedewed it with tears, said the Lord's prayer, then rising, flew into the arms of each other, sobbing out in half formed words, that they would never be separated.

Enchanting orphans! Proceed in that path to which chance, without the aid of geography has conducted ye. Ye are now in the direct road which leads to that hospitable country where ye would be; pursue it and be happy! My eye shall follow your light steps, whilst my pen faithfully recounts every event by which they are attended.

Our young adventurers, had they been disciples of ancient philosophy, or the pupils

pils of superstition, might have argued a glorious presage to their undertaking, from the unclouded sky that spread itself over their heads at the commencement of their travels; but no such idea struck the imagination of Nature's own children, they were comforted by the early rays of the sun, and refreshed by the noon-tide breezes, without arrogating to themselves, that it was on their account the sun shone brighter, or the winds blew fresher than usual. Neither did they pass them by with ungrateful insensibility, but often stopped in their swift progress, to give the tacit praise of admiration to that invisible hand which illustrated the heavens, reared the mountains, and overspread the earth beneath with variety of flowers, such as they had never seen before. Enticed by their colours, as well as attracted by their fragrance, they loitered to pluck them, until hunger with voracious clamours, forced them to greater diligence, and each bestowing a loving kiss on their friend

friend Lion, who carried the bundle between his teeth, they all three trotted on at such a rate, that before night-fall, they reached a small village, ten miles distant from Snowdon and the good curate.

The hut at which they stopped, belonged to a fisherman, who, having caught small fry from a neighbouring lake, carried them to a town twenty miles from his own residence, bringing back in his cart such provisions, as were necessary to himself or the other villagers, and very unlucky did he think it, if these productive journeys were not made three times a week.

On one of them when prepared to set out the next day, and enjoying his profits by anticipation with a pipe in his mouth, reposing on a wicker chair before the door of his hovel, that our three travellers hungry and weary, approached towards him.

Without

Without ceremony, the two little ones placed themselves on the ground by his side, and asked if he would be so good to give them a bit of bread and a little straw to lie down upon. Lewis had taken the bundle from Lion, who also laid down as quietly, as if he had thought himself at home.

The fisherman dropped his pipe, started on his feet, eyed the children with terrific astonishment, and exclaimed: "In the name of God! Be you flesh and blood, or be you the fairies which I have heard say live on the great mountains of Snowdon?"

"You guess right," said Lewis, without comprehending his meaning, "we come from Snowdon."—"Then as I have done you no harm," replied the still more affrighted cottager, "for the love of heaven, go back there again. I don't fear man, woman, or child, but I don't choose to be pinched

pinched black and blue by such little gentry as you are."

"Indeed, indeed," cried Loretta, "we never hurt any body."—"Hobgoblins, and hurt nobody! that is a fine tale. Believe it who will," retorted the fisherman, "with all your beauty, and though you look like two angels, I know you are no better than a brace of devils."

Lewis caught up a stone—"Man," said he, "I will knock you down, if you say that again. We are hungry, thirsty, and weary, but if you will give us nothing to eat, or to drink, or to rest on, you have no business to call us bad names. Our dear, tender-hearted father would not have done *that*, if your children had asked it of him!" Then bursting into tears, he flung himself on the neck of Loretta, who was also weeping.—

Far, very far from being of a hard impenetrable nature, was this ignorant son of superstition. He believed in fairies and hobgoblins, he had also heard them described as much more beautiful than the children of men; these were certainly the most lovely his eyes had ever beheld; their persons too, though modelled by the hand of proportion, were so diminutive, their countenances so infantine, that accurate judges might have dropped two years in the calculation of their ages. Besides all these considerations advanced in defence of that credulity, which extinguished the spark of pity hitherto cherished in his bosom, let it be remembered, he acted under the influence of what he thought self-preservation, when he bad the poor little orphans go back to Snowdon, the mountains of which, from tradition, had long been the object of his terrors, as being the harbour of that mischievous genii who wandered over the whole country, tormenting good people,

ple, killing cattle, disturbing rivers, raising storms, and tearing up trees in their passage.

This honest man, then, was no sooner convinced by the expression, and still more by the tears of Montgomery's children, they were indeed human not supernatural beings, than he gave them a reception the more kind in proportion as it had before been cruel.

He ran into the hut to fetch out his wife, a very notable woman, who although busy in providing a savory dish for her husband's supper, nevertheless made no delay in opening her arms to receive the little ones committed by him to her tender care, whom she fed and lodged with such hospitable heartiness, as made them thank God for sending them such good friends.

Before

Before they retired to rest they had told their artless tale, as well as the country to which bound, and were listened to with more sincere sympathy than the happy in general bestow on those worse off than themselves. Money they had not to give them, but the charitable woman sat up all night to turn some of her little wardrobe to the use of Loretta, having examined their bundle and found it very indifferently supplied: neither was Lewis neglected, for she made him a little flannel jacket out of her own best Sunday petticoat; and the fisherman finding their nearest rout lay through the town whither he was to carry his fish, he offered to give them a cast, which they joyfully accepted; nor did they cause him to accuse them of tardiness the next morning, for with each a piece of bread put into their hands by way of breakfast, he found them planted by the cart's side when he came to lade it with his baskets. Lion had also come in for his share

of plenty ; and the honest trader lifting all three into his carriage of accommodation, wiped his little ragged poney and turned from the door, where hospitality stood porter in defiance of poverty, who had often tried to pick him out of office. But first be it premised, that the orphans of Snowdon exchanged many caresses with their bountiful hostess, and departed from her sight with the same grateful sensations they experienced the day before on quitting the pious curate and his tender-hearted sister.

The road on which they entered, after skimming over the green sod which enclosed the fisherman's hut on every side, was so rough and stony, that their poor little delicate frames were almost dislocated before they came to the end of their journey.

They stopped at the door of a miserable alehouse in the out-skirts of the market

market town for which they were bound, when lifting Montgomery's children from his cart, the fisherman recommended them to the care of his landlady, saying, in the words of the Good Samaritan, *and when I come again I will pay thee*. He then took leave of his pretty companions, kissing them kindly, and prayed God to prosper their journey.

The next morning our interesting orphans found their poor little limbs so sore and so shaken, that their hostess would not let them proceed, although they told her they had not a farthing to reward her good nature. She bid them not mind *that*, she should not grudge to give them a dinner and a supper too. Having satisfied their honest scruples, she told them they might take a walk and see their fine market, which she averred was one of the very best in the whole principality.

Delighted with the thoughts of seeing what they had never seen before, hand in hand they ventured themselves into this new world, which consisted of about a hundred and fifty or sixty houses, divided by streets so narrow, as to form no object for admiration.

Almost suffocated with smoke, and poisoned with bad smells, none of which had ever invaded the mountain of Snowdon, they would have turned back if their curiosity had not been awakened by joyful shouts, and the sound of a fiddle at a small distance, towards which men, women, boys and girls were running, as if they had all been stung with the tarantula.—“Lewis,” cried Loretta, “does not the sound of that fiddle put you in mind of our dear, dear father, who you know used to play to us as he taught you to dance and me to sing, at night after he had done all his work in the forest.”—“It does, it does,” eagerly answered

swered Lewis; "let us run to behold him who can do any thing so like our honoured father!"—"Yes, let us go," said Loretta; and presently they precipitated their little forms into the middle of the multitude, which drove or rather pushed them forward, till they stopped at an open spot distinguished by the appellation of the market-place.

Lewis made a halt. "What a sight of people are got together," he exclaimed. "You know, sister, we have no money; perhaps if we sing and dance, they will give us some."

"Ah! Lewis, Lewis," shaking her head, "I have no strength to sing, and you are so sore with the jolting of that terrible cart, that I am sure you cannot dance your hornpipe."

“ Let us try, however, sister, for I do not love to beg, or to take the meat from strangers, because they are willing to give it us for nothing. Sing you the pretty song our father made upon morning, and never fear but my legs are yet stout enough to bear me as high as ever.”

“ But hark !” rejoined Loretta, “ let us first hear what that man is saying.”

The man alluded to was exalted on a stage above the heads of his numerous spectators, extracting notes from a half-crazy fiddle, calling out at the end of every tune, “ *Ladies and Gentlemen, you are summoned herè to behold in all their splendour the choicest collection of monkies ever exhibited in this or any other country : I defy proud England herself to shew any better dressed, or more to the life—yea, the King’s Palace, and the whole city of London, I defy them all*

to

*to match their monkies with my monkies.——
God save the King."*

The finishing of this florid speech was followed with such loud and repeated shouts, some laughing at the orator, and some at the grimaces of his monkies, that the hearts of our little ones had almost failed them, from the very natural conclusion that if they should begin their dancing and singing at a moment so tumultuous, against rivals so potent, they should be able to attract very little attention ; yet Lewis bidding his sister take courage, he led her, we cannot say *nothing loath*, but covered with timid blushes, into a small space deserted for a nearer situation to the stage by its late occupiers, where making their graceful reverences, although entirely unnoticed, Lewis watching for the first call of the fiddle, began his hornpipe, in a masterly stile of performance ; and as soon as it had ceased to play, Loretta finding her brother had not given out, because

he saw that at least he divided attention with the monkies, and catching the motion he made for her to begin, nodding her head in token of obedience, her beautiful lips modestly unclosed to the sweetest sounds harmony itself could utter, whilst the simple air she sang received peculiar graces from the motions of her eyes and hands, taught by her father to enforce the meaning of the words, which were also of his own composition, as well as the music. The words are still extant, but the notes are lost.

AIR.

From the mountain's summit steep,
Tip-toed Morning takes her peep :
Vivid blushes round her fly,
Sweeping vapours from the sky ;
Sucking dew-drops from the rose,
Gilding objects as she goes.
Now the snow, so silver pure,
She with gems bespangles o'er ;
Decks with verdure every hill,
Darts her beams on every rill.

Now

Now o'er glen and valley strays ;
Now with her own shadow plays ;
Chasing sorrow far away—
Such the sports of early day.

The youth, the prettiness, the voice, the agility of our enchanting orphans, soon gained a complete victory over all rivalry, but such as their different talents excited, about which the multitude were pretty equally divided ; and so often were the poor children *encored*, that at last panting for breath, they sat down on the ground, declaring, with tears in their eyes, they could proceed no further !

And now another bustle ensued, occasioned by the eagerness with which the whole delighted audience tried who should be first to offer the tribute due to their extraordinary merit. Pence fell in showers round them ; such as could not approach near enough to hand their gratuity,

tuity, nicely took their aim that it should fall within their reach, yet not endanger their persons.

Bounty so little expected could not but exhilarate the spirits that had flagged under the exercise by which they had obtained so many friends: and the grateful orphans of Snowdon, starting from their posture of rest, renewed the song and the dance till the spectators themselves compassionately made them give over, lest by killing them on their first *debut*, they might put an end to all future entertainment from the same quarter. Not content with having enriched their little favourites, a large number escorted them back to the public-house, where they were friendly received by the landlady; and the rest of the day they chiefly passed in counting over their money, which being all in copper, and too heavy for conveyance, their good hostess ran from house to house amongst her neighbours,

bours, until she had turned all their pence and farthings into shillings and fixpences. —“ Now,” said Lewis, as soon as his dame was set out on this friendly errand, “ now, Loretta, all that our dear father told us is coming true ; for if people are so good to us in this poor country, how much more may we expect to get when we come to England, where no doubt every body is as rich as he was before he went to live at Snowdon ? But,” added the boy, in a firm tone, “ remember, Loretta, that if I have ever so much money I will never give any of it to that wicked uncle, who took away our father’s property !”

A poor creature now came up to them, as they stood just within the threshold, begging charity : all their wealth was gone to change its form, and they wept that they had nothing to give.—“ She is but just gone, dear Lewis,” said Loretta ; “ let us run, perhaps we may overtake her.”—
Bidding

Bidding her stay where she was, he flew on the errand of mercy swift as an arrow from the bow, and coming up with his hostess prevailed on her to throw some uncounted handsfull of halfpence into his hat; which having shifted from thence to the beggar's apron, she called them two of God's own angels, praying for and blessing them till they could neither see or hear her any longer, though stepping outside the door, they had watched her hobbling steps to see whether she tumbled down, and to help her up again if she did.—Prayers issuing from the parched lips of poverty are seldom the most slow in ascending to the Throne Eternal; and the blessing of a beggar may be superior in value to that of a bishop—rare advantages attainable on terms so easy! If any of my younger class of readers should desire to possess them, let such take for their example the willing mind, the tender heart, the open hand of Lewis and Loretta.

Whilst

Whilst the fairies of Snowdon diverted themselves in talking over their good fortune, in concerting plans for their departure on the next day; whilst the landlady in person condescended to aid their little knowledge of the track by which they might hope at last to reach England; and whilst the well-inclined, but ill-appointed counsellor was puzzling her brain to point out their way to the first mile-stone, Providence was raising up for them a much better guide in the very person who had that day been exhibiting in the market-place, as well as themselves.

This honest fellow—honest he was, tho' poor as the orphans of Snowdon, and as much the sport of his evil destiny as the father from whom they sprung!—This honest man then, whose name was Brown, commonly called by the few who best knew and best loved him, Daddy Brown, because had his abilities tallied with his boundless philanthropy,

lanthropy, he would willingly have adopted himself the father of all such as stood in need of his assistance : this great poor man had first with an air of pique examined the little intruders, who presumptuously interfered with his exhibition, drawing off the general attention from his cabinet monkies, robbing him both of honour and profit, by address superior to his own and his monkies united together ; however, where no vices exist, no rancour can harbour ; from looking on them at first with displeasure, he next gazed on them with admiration, and at length determined if possible to enlist them into his own *corps*—from the two-fold motive of serving them and himself.

To carry this benevolent and prudent plan into immediate execution was the next consideration ; he therefore found out their lodgings, which was easily discovered, so many of the town's people having conducted them to the very door of it, where being introduced

introduced to our orphans of Snowdon by their well-wisher the landlady, he thus accosted them.

“ My good children, you are too young, I think, to run about the country alone without a guide, and what is still worse without a friend to advise or direct you.”

“ Have you no father ?”

“ Alas ! no, he is dead !”

“ Nor mother ?”

“ Yes ; but of her we know nothing, only that she is some where or other in the world.”

“ Did she, could she forsake ye, my pretty ones ?”

“ We

"We do not know *that*, but she went into another country."

"So then you have no relations to take care of you?"

"Yes, but we have; for we are brother and sister, and we take care of one another."

"Have you met with many friends?"

"Yes, every body is our friend, and God is our father!"

Tears now ran down plentifully over the sun-burnt cheeks of their susceptible inquirer: he caught the children in his arms, and pressing them to his heart, asked if they would let him be their friend and their father? "I will never forsake you," said he, "I will love, cherish, and feed you as long as I live!"

"Who

"Who are you," replied Lewis, "that are so good and kind to us?"

"Oh! I know who he is, brother," cried Loretta; "I know he is the very same man that we saw this morning with all the wicked-looking beasts."

"You are right, my pretty one; but fear nothing, my darling, they shall not hurt you."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Trust my word, for I never will deceive you! When you find the love I have imbibed for you, you will love me in return."

"That is very likely," said Lewis, "for we must love every body that loves us. But why do *you* run about the country without

without a guide?—Are we not as safe by ourselves as we should be with you?”

“Because I am guided by experience, and necessity is my master;—I know what it is to have seen good days: however unkind your fate, mine I doubt has been less civil; misfortune leaves me no other means of existing than what you see; all I can give you is a share in my poverty, and the whole stock of my affections.”

“And enough in conscience!” exclaimed the kind hearted hostess, who had been hitherto silent. “Take him at his word, poor little creatures! I know he is a good man, for he often comes this way, now with one shew, and then with another, but always goes back again, that the English quality, God bless them, may see his fights also; so do not stand hausing about the matter, but make your best bows, and tell him you will go along with all your hearts.”

At

At the sound of England their eyes danced with joy, and their fears were half vanquished : they asked eagerly when he should go to England?—declared their readiness to follow him, and returned with good will the kiss of congratulation their hostess and new protector gave to each on concluding the bargain, a ceremony which was delayed no longer than until, in return to their question, Daddy Brown had assured them the time he allotted to making his exhibitions in the Principality was expired, his monkeyes having shewn the last of their tricks that very day, so should begin the next morning their journey towards the Mother Country.

Every thing being settled entirely to the satisfaction of all parties, the generous monkey-driver bespoke a handsome supper as a reward to the hostess for her kindness to the children of Providence, now his own by adoption ; and whilst the notable housewife

wife prepared to obey orders, at the request of his newly established family, he led them to his own residence to shew them the less companionable part of his domestic circle; for now they had no fears but that this already beloved father might give them the slip and go to England without them.

Having promised the busy landlady to be back in half an hour, leading Loretta by the hand, and Lewis walking by his side, they had just got over the threshold when Lion, who perhaps suspected something was going on without his being consulted, raised himself up from the chimney corner, where he seemed to be snoring, shook his shaggy hide, and with a truly magisterial gravity, strided away to overtake the children, whom it may be supposed he considered as under his own immediate guardianship: however, at the instigation of the now high president, his resolution was over-ruled, lest so much unexpected good-company in their private hours

hours might disconcert that part of his household which he had left in their cage, or rather caravan ; for to say the truth, one vehicle served the double purpose of house and equipage, sometimes drawn by himself, sometimes by an odd horse or ass borrowed for the purpose, at a small expence, or picked up by the way-side at no expence at all, and never detained beyond the limits from which, be it horse or be it ass, he might find his way back to his right owner, his hay, or his thistle.

Lion, with a pat and a hug, being dismissed the assembly, all the other members moved on, and soon arrived at the repository of Daddy Brown's four-footed pupils.

At first Lewis and Loretta looked very shy on what they called monsters. " I do not fear them," said Lewis ; " but I do not love them."

" Nor

“Nor I neither, brother,” cried Loretta, for all they are so very like our good Daddy Brown in the face !”

That well-meaning man who, to familiarize them, had instructed his little followers to call him by a name which, as in his own case, is often used by the vulgar as a substitute for father, could not but smile at the similitude Loretta had discovered between him and the monkies ; nor was it a very unjust one, for the faces of these animals are of a cast so deplorable, that I myself have been ready to shed tears at the blended character of gloom and sagacity mingled on their expressive countenances, even so had the frowns of destiny impressed on the countenance of their keeper the long, deep, melancholy lines of misfortune.

Encouraged by the master of the revels, they ventured softly to approach the monkey tribe, who at the word of command given

in

in a tone of authority, by which they understood they were to stand up and salute their new master and mistress, they instantly became erect on their hind feet, kissed their fore paws, presenting them through the grating in so courtly a manner, and played so many comical tricks, which could not fail to amuse them, that from this first introduction the Orphans of Snowdon and the Monkeys of Montserrat became the best friends in the world.

When wise men give their travels to the public, their only motive no doubt when they are at the trouble of writing them is public spiritedness, and a laudable desire that the reader, who stays at home, shall, if he pleases, know as much as the traveller who wades through Holland, flies thro' Germany, and climbs the Alps in pursuit of that very knowledge, which he generally dispenses amongst his countrymen at a less expence for the whole tour, than it would

have cost in one day, had they made it themselves.

Alas! my travellers are of quite another description: they have never written a book, nor have I ever been told what road they took, by which they attained the channel from thence; I only know that they crossed over to Bristol, where I am waiting to receive them.

The first hours after the arrival of Daddy Brown, his monkeys and his children, were considerately dedicated by the former to the repose of the latter, as was the succeeding day to their amusement; he dragged them through most of the broad streets of that populous and opulent city, shewed them the churches, squares, public buildings, shops and people, until their eyes were tired with looking, as were their tongues with asking questions, in as much that they desired to go to bed as soon as he

he brought them back to the sorry quarters œconomy had forced him to take up with.

From their beds they arose no more for the space of a whole week, a fever was the consequence of their exertions, and notwithstanding their faithful friend almost forgot to feed his monkeys in watching over the preservation of his children, by night as well as by day, notwithstanding he had expended almost his last shilling in procuring them food and phyfic, which made it necessary to recruit his finances, yet their recovery was attended with so much feebleness, particularly observable on the delicate frame of Loretta, that it was several days after their uprising before he could prevail on himself to remove his little darling from his knee, or her head from his shoulder, to go in pursuit of those profits, now become necessary to her existence. Compelled by such irresistible reasons, he

at last left her in charge with the tender Lewis, and with his string of monkeys went out to seek a better fortune.

During the time he absented himself the sweet Orphans of Snowdon, who for more than a fortnight had been rocked in his arms, or lulled on his bosom, did nothing but talk of him, and how much they would dance and sing when they were able, to repay him for all his goodness. "He loves us the very same as our own dear father loved us," said Lewis.

"And may he not be our own father, too, brother?"

"I don't understand what you mean, Loretta."

"Dear me! If one must have one father, why must we not have two. Our oldest father we know lies in the pit-hole,
close

close to parson Evans's door; but Daddy Brown is certainly another of our fathers. Don't you think so, Lewis?"

"I can't tell," replied Lewis somewhat puzzled, "how many fathers we ought to have, but if God always sends us such good ones as our first and second father, we cannot have too many of them."

Such was the grateful, innocent, simple discourse of Montgomery's children, while their benefactor, with a view to their comfort, was joyfully collecting his hat full of pence and shillings, the former from every description of street-strollers, the latter from the honest tars only, who when he presented his family of mimical notoriety on the quay, clustered round him in swarms, one sailor throwing a bit of silver for the sake of his sweetheart, because she loved a monkey next best to himself; another gave for the joke's sake; a third because one of the

merry actors put him in mind of his old messmate, Sam Croker, who, poor lad, tho' now gone aloft, when his head was above deck, could frighten up a storm at any time by the wisdom of his looks, like that there young gentleman, bowing with great solemnity to his favourite performer.

Thus as every sailor had money in his pocket, so had each some excuse for transferring part of it into the pocket of Daddy Brown, in as much that almost before his little ones expected him, he came back to them master of more pounds than he was worth farthings before he went out.

"See! my children," cried the worthy creature (exultingly throwing into the lap of Loretta all his store of wealth, that she might amuse herself with counting how many there were) see what my monkeys have done for us.

"Ah!

"Ah! dear father," cried Lewis, "how rich you are—I wish I had been one of them."

"Why, my good boy, should you wish yourself a beast rather than a man?"

"Because I would be any thing to serve you, and to get you more money!"

"So would I, brother, be one of the little monkeys myself," cried Loretta, "if they did not look so ugly, and smell so bad!"

"Thank you both, my affectionate dears," said the double beneficed leader of apes and conductor of angels, "but blessed be God who has stamped you with his own image, I *would* not have you any thing but what you are for the whole world!"

“ When shall I dance again? When shall I sing again?” cried Lewis and his pretty sister, quite electrified by the success of his undertaking, as well as the kindness of his expressions, “ Shall it be to-morrow, Daddy? Pray take us out with you to-morrow!”

“ When I think you have strength to perform your parts, I will not leave you behind, my sweet ones; in the mean time I shall go out every day with the rest of my family, nothing doubting but that God who sent his prophet meat by the ravens, will provide for you, my innocent orphans, by the humble means of my monkeys.”

The worse than indifferent luck that attended him on his next and following exhibition, in no ways slackened his well-placed confidence in Divine Providence, on behalf of the charge committed to his care; on the contrary, in the midst of his
crosses,

crosses, when his cabinet walked through the streets without profit, almost without observation, he considered his disappointment as one of those kind warnings, by which men who listen to the voice of a directing Deity, not finding bread in one path, may seek it where it is to be found in another—any other he thought would be more grateful to his feelings, which principle being established, he resolved to part with his monkeys, and to devote himself, with the money arising from the sale of them, to some sort of business, by which he might obtain a certain subsistence for those who were now dear to him beyond all expression.

To these better beloved than guided little beings he communicated his intentions, who never having rejoiced much in the society of their fellow-travellers, gave a loose to their satisfaction at being told they were to be separated from them for ever.

“We will dance and we will sing all our lives long,” said they in the joy of their hearts.—“Not so,” replied Brown, “if I can help it. I hope to set up a school, or keep a shop, by which I shall be enabled to maintain your bodies and cultivate your minds, without being forced to make a show of God’s best creatures !”

Alas! how hard the fate, that all these benevolent intentions should be deranged, by the most unseen and the most untoward event that could have befallen him.

Before he took any steps for the disposal of his live stock, he consulted many friends concerning the best method to obtain a purchaser, one and all of whom advised him to advertise them in a daily paper. A very flourishing advertisement was accordingly drawn out, in which his monkeys were made to excel all other monkeys on the habitable globe, in bodily and mental

tal perfections, which being remitted thro' the hands of a dealer in tea to those of a well known editor, with a guinea inclosed to pay for three insertions, and these as faithfully appeared on three following mornings, yet no dealer came, and poor Daddy Brown was almost thrown out of his patient philosophy.

His cash and his spirits were considerably on the ebb, when fancying he saw his good destiny approaching towards him, he flew to embrace it, but hugged a traitor. Thus does it often happen, so little do we know how to distinguish between what will save and what will sink us.

Loth to expose the children of his love yet reduced to the necessity of doing so, or to see them want the common necessities of nature, he was one evening sent for to come immediately to the Three Queens in St. Thomas's-street, from whence he ad-

vertised applications would be received, and flew to the appointment with such speed as visionaries generally do, to whom Hope lends her own rapid wings.

Enquiring for the person who had sent for him, he was introduced to a grave, reverend looking man, who, without sponsors, christened himself Land Steward of the Right Honourable Lord B—, by order of which Nobleman he was come to treat for the purchase of certain animals so well described by advertisement; that his Lordship was determined to have them in his menagery, cost what it would. “So, my friend, you have only to name your price, and I shall give you a check on my Lord’s banker for the money.”

It would have been impossible for suspicion itself to have cast a glance of distrust towards a figure so respectable as that of the venerable chapman; much less did the honest

honest, single-hearted Brown see any thing in the countenance, or find any thing in the address of the stranger to damp the flame which suddenly sprung up in his before gloomy mind, and enlightened every feature of his melancholy face.

The price he set on his whole stock, under favour of the hint that his Lordship must have the monkies cost what they would, being one hundred pounds, appeared so modest in the ears of this able negotiator, that after giving him all due praise for the smallness of his demand, he bade him take second thoughts, for there was no reason why a poor man should harm himself to save for a rich one. Besides, the master he served was so liberal, that he was always sure to incur his displeasure whenever he drove what was commonly called a hard bargain either with his tenants or his trades-people.

Daddy

Daddy Brown declared himself perfectly satisfied with the sum he had specified. "Nor would I," said he, "have asked so much, only that having two children to maintain, for their sakes I perhaps ask a little more than I might have sold them for to any other body."

"Thou art a right honest fellow," cried the great man's factotum, shaking him most cordially by the hand, "and I shall be proud of your better acquaintance, should you ever make Ireland in the way of your travels. To-night you must help me to ship off my new purchase, and tomorrow, God willing, I shall set out with it for the land of St. Patrick. My Lord will soon be after us, for no father ever longed to see his children so much as my Lord does to see your monkeys."

The unfortunate dupe sucked in poison mistaking it for honey, promised to lead
them

them on board, and see them safe under hatches in the ship which the purchaser proposed to convey them, undertaking to perform his part of the business before sunset, whilst on the other hand Lord B—'s land steward drew from his bosom pocket such as professional men make use of to secure their property, a check book on the house of Hoare and Company, wrote down an order for one hundred pounds over Lord B—'s signature, saying, his Lordship had put his name to that one check, leaving him to fill up the sum whenever the bargain should be concluded.

Having safely deposited his treasure, Brown began to prepare for the embarkation with so much alacrity, that he had put them all on board, taken leave of the worthy steward, and a fair breeze springing up, had actually seen man, monkies, and all under weigh before midnight; then returning to his poverty-stricken hotel, he went
to

to bed, slept soundly, and dreamt of nothing but great lords, just stewards, check-books, bankers, and affluence. In the course of his over-night employment, he had met many of his friends, to whom he told his good fortune, and every one of them put to him the same question—“*Have you touched the money?*” So did one answer serve for all—“*It is safe enough in my pocket.*”

Early in the morning, when the streets were empty, and only a few straggling sailors to be seen on the quay, thither repaired Daddy Brown, not so much to enjoy the freshness of dawn, as to ruminate on his good fortune, and, perhaps, to waft his good wishes after that part of his family, who, being the means, would also be sharers in the lucky chance by which both perhaps were exalted; *he* from necessity to comfort, *they* from playing tricks to divert a *rabble*, lifted to the high dignity of solely

playing

playing them for the delight of a Peer of the realm.

One of the sailors, who had seen him so busy in shipping his cargo the night before, passed some jokes on the pretty cargo of masters and misses he had stowed on board the Betsey, and asked, "Why he sent them out of England, where they had so many relations, to live with the wild Americans, who would not give a chew of tobacco for their company?"

Roused by the communication of the ship's name, united to that of a country so distant from the Irish seas, he enquired, trembling, if the Betsey was not bound for Ireland, and was ready to expire with grief on being convinced by the tar that she was a Boston vessel returning to her own port, that her cargo had been stowed more than a fortnight, though foul winds detained her in the river until yesterday, when a favorable

ble breeze springing up, her Captain had made the best of it, "and," added his informer, "there is at this moment, master, as fine a wind for your young gentlemen and ladies, as the heart of any man can desire."

The eyes of infatuation itself could no longer be quite closed on the cheat that had been practised on his credulity. Yet still poor Brown saw only in part; till half hoping, half despairing, half swimming, half sinking, he carried his check to a banker's to know if it was a good one. The banker happened to be connected with the house on which it was drawn, and assured the wretched dupe of artifice "that Lord B— never banked with Hoare, or, to the best of his belief, with any other body; moreover that a forgery was on the face of the transaction; desiring the check might be left with him, that if the scoundrel should ever come again from America, he might

might be made to suffer for his double imposition; first on public credit, and secondly on a needy fellow creature, who wanted even discernment to keep out of harm's way."

Writhing under a load of internal reproach, the victim could make no reply. An imputation had been cast on his understanding, which, being in the present instance unable to vindicate, he silently hung his head, and blushed a verdict against himself.

It was now that Daddy Brown was forced to level all his air-built castles, and instead of establishing his orphan brood in a state of independence, to resort to their talents for a livelihood, in which he was equally concerned with themselves, and their success was more than appropriate to his most sanguine expectations. Every day he carried them to the Wells, which abounded
with

with company, and every evening they came home laden with solid marks of universal approbation.

Besides the fong and hornpipe, which never failed to please, or to draw down on the pretty performers many careffes, as well as pecuniary testimonies of admiration, the innocent little party had made no inconsiderable acquisition by having admitted a third personage to the copartnership. This new partner was an adventurer, like themselves, yet not a stranger, for he also lived under the roof of Daddy Brown. He had travelled from England to Snowdon with a much loved master, and from Snowdon to England with the equally beloved children of that master. Their common protector, whose wits were much sharpened by regret for his past folly, was continually planning how the injuries their finances had received might be best repaired. He had long observed that Lion was a dog of
good

good parts, as well as majestic in his figure, he therefore closely attended to the culture of his genius, and felt himself rewarded for his pains by the rapid progress of his improvement, and the joy communicated to Loretta and Lewis, by the skill of their companion, who having learnt to stand on his hind feet, holding a fiddle in his paws, always seemed to accompany Brown, as he scraped on his own crazy cremona, the wreck of better days. He was also particularly useful in collecting contributions for Brown, having first prevailed on him to wear a hat on his head, also taught him when to shake it off and carry it in his teeth round a whole circle of spectators, no one of whom he ever willingly quitted, unless they had first added at least one corn to the heap.

Several are the instances we have already presented descriptive of our orphans' piety to God, obedience to their father, gratitude

gratitude to their protector, love to each other—and such simple yet praise-worthy little acts of pecuniary charity as illustrates the infant tendency to pursue, in all its branches, that extensive charity, without which we are declared to be nothing worth. One specimen of generosity must be related, before we close the list of their early perfections.

It happened that Daddy Brown being much indisposed, ventured for once to send his little tribe of money-gatherers to the Wells unattended, rather than disappoint several opulent families resident at Clifton, who had bespoke them for the morning. From this expedition they were returning, crowned with success, when passing by the door of a handsome house to which they had not been invited, and observing at the windows many well-dressed people gazing after them, they ran into a spacious court, the gates of which were opened to admit a carriage,

carriage; they began to dance and to sing, accompanied by so many engaging movements, as fascinated those novel spectators to a degree of enthusiasm, and a silver shower was the consequence, which having picked up, gracefully bending their bodies in testimony of respectful gratitude, they again passed through the gates, on the outside of which, leaning against them in a disconsolate posture, was a boy of good appearance, to whom the beautiful Loretta, parrot-like, repeated her lesson of "*Something, if you please, Sir, for Daddy Brown, and the Orphans of Snowdon.*"

"My pretty dear," replied the youth, "I stand more in need of relief than you do."

"You seem very rich, little sir."

"Oh, no!—but I have no occasion to tell you how unlucky I am."

"Yes,

"Yes, but you must tell us," said Lewis; "and also if we can do you any good."

"Then so I will," cried the open-hearted boy; "but let us first get from that cross looking pedant," directing their eyes to an opposite window. "That old hunk is my governor, with whom just now I am in a very great passion. Come with me," taking a hand of each, and leading them a little way on the road side, "come with me, that you may hear how he has served me."

Proud to be made the confidants of the aggrieved little gentleman, they listened, with their eyes erected to his, as he thus gave utterance to his complaints against the unfortunate governor.

"This morning," said he, "I went into my mother's dressing-room, where I had
the

the misfortune to break a little smelling-bottle that lay on her toilet : to be sure it was a miserable accident, because she values it beyond all other trinkets. What could I do, you know? She did not see me break it; but find it out she must, one day or other; and I love her so well, that I would die rather than vex her, which put me on thinking how it could be avoided. I recollected to have seen this morning, at a shop near the Wells, a bottle just like that I had broken, which, if placed on the toilet, would never be known from the right one."—" And it would cost you some money," interrupted Lewis, " to buy this pretty bottle."—" That," returned the boy, " I should not have minded, if my stock-fish of a governor would have advanced my allowance, but he refused to do so, though it only wants one week to quarterly pay-day.

"How ill natured," said Loretta, "If you will come home with us, little gentleman, I am sure Daddy Brown would give you Lion's hat full of money."

"I dare not," said the youth, "or I would do so with all my heart."

"Then accept some from us," cried Lewis, presenting his hands full of shillings.

The boy drew back, put his behind him, and declared with tears in his eyes he would not, could not accept of their bounty. A warm contention ensued—till to silence the clamorous intreaties of his liberal little benefactors, he suffered them to advance the loan of half-a-guinea, being the price of that toy he so ardently wished to replace, conditionally that they should meet again on the same spot, and at the same hour, in eight days, when having received his quarterly allowance, they would balance

balance their account, and, as he said, to put them in mind of their promised interview, he gave a pocket-book to Lewis, and a silver pencil-case to Loretta.

At this critical minute the terrific Governor thrust out his short neck from under the porter's arm, as he was obeying his order to open the gate, calling in a voice of thunder, "What have you been doing, Sir, for more than ten minutes with this strolling banditti! those little vagabond wretches?"—"Come and see," replied the spirited pupil (rather under his usual tone) "or stay where you are, old Quidnunc, for if you see an example of generosity, you will never have the spunk to follow it."—Here another command, enforced by a threat to summons his mother if he did not leave his raggamuffin companions that moment, made him hastily shake hands with his kind friends, and shouting in no very respectful manner as

he rushed by the ill-contrived Governor, ran into the house, shutting his ears with his fingers, to denote that his further remonstrances would be untimely.

Thus violently separated from their new acquaintance, the sweet children of Montgomery made no more delays to throw themselves into the arms of their adopted father, who grown almost frantic at their long absence, and although in the burning fit of an ague, was preparing to go out in pursuit of them, when he saw them enter safe and well, and in such spirits as instantly dispelled all his apprehensions.

Notwithstanding their liberality to the distressed boy, they returned so very rich, as to exclude the necessity of acquainting their protector, that they had presumed to give away any part of their earnings without his approbation. Much as they feared to offend him, yet their love of truth being
superior

superior to all other considerations, they rehearsed the whole adventure, and instead of blame received nothing but caresses.—

“Dear, compassionate little ones,” exclaimed the worthy Brown, “God will reward your bounty, as well as your candour! Already we begin to feel the recompence of a good action, for while you have been giving I have been receiving.”

“What, Daddy?” asked our orphans with exquisite eagerness.

“Listen and I will tell you, my darlings. After you were gone, our landlady brought me the newspaper, where I saw an advertisement which gives me to understand, that by the death of a brother I am now called to the inheritance of a small estate in Cornwall, whither I will carry you.”

“And will you not indeed, indeed, leave us behind?”

"I leave—I abandon you!—Do not make me weep by such a question! No, my dears, no! You, who associated with my misery, must reap the harvest of my better fortune. Be always good—be always virtuous—love me always as your father, and I will always love you as my children; as long as I live, you shall divide with me, and when I die, all that I possess shall be your own."

This tender conversation was only interrupted by his solicitude to make our little adventurers close the *last* of their public exhibitions—close them for *ever*—with the repast he had ordered, in a more than common style, to be prepared for their refreshment.

Had the estate in question fallen to a richer man than Brown, it would have lost much of its value; because we are more prone to estimate by what we do, than what

what we are about to possess. Fifty pounds a year to the receiver of as many thousands, could appear no more than a single house would do in a map of the world. *Vice versa*, fifty pounds a year, to him whose rent-roll is not fifty farthings, swells into consequence, produces a train of comforts, and assumes even the form of affluence.

The desires of honest Daddy Brown were confined to such narrow limits, as not only to find their full gratification in this unexpected wind-fall, but even taught him to look almost without regret on the long, tedious journey he and his little ones must make on foot, to gain possession of this splendid inheritance: for their sake he would have wished to avoid it, but that was impossible; money he had not enough for an easier conveyance, and credit he had none.

Having waited at Bristol two days without feeling any return of his ague, they departed on the third, each with his own little baggage suspended by a stick slung across the shoulder, except Loretta's bundle, containing her wardrobe, together with Montgomery's legacy, which was entrusted to the charge of Lion, who, exalted by his office, proudly marched in front of the cavalcade, neither turning his eye to the right hand or to the left.

September, although advanced beyond the meridian of her spring-like charms, was still inviting; no boisterous storms agitated her bosom, no chilling east winds breathed destruction on her infant train of primroses and violets; nothing but breezes, soft as the sigh of resignation, kissed her lap, or played amongst the many-coloured foliage of her autumnal bowers.

Such

Such the season, such its aspect, when the Orphans of Snowdon, their good benefactor, and their faithful dog, leaving the great city of Bristol, took the nearest road to Wells, from thence through Taunton, to make the best of their way to the land of promise, flowing with milk and honey.

Alas, dear travellers! though hardship should await, and sorrow overtake ye on the bleak hills of Mendip, over whose summit you are to pass, murmur not, as the descendants of Joseph murmured in the wilderness, at the obstacles by which their progress was impeded; on the contrary, whatever are your trials, adore the strength of Omnipotence, whose out-stretched arm shall conduct ye; and confide in his power, whose righteousness shall cover your unoffending heads as with a shield!

The second day of their peregrination, Brown, who travelled slowly on account of

his young companions, stopped to refresh them at a little public-house, before they encountered the steeps of Mendip; when, unfortunately, he listened to a traveller like himself, who directed him through an unfrequented path, by which he might arrive at Wells before sun-set. Full of the information, he threw down his reckoning, and turning his troop on before him, with a light heart proceeded on his journey; but stopping at the foot of the hill, he took Loretta in his arms and bore her to the summit, where setting her down on the turf, she sprang forward with the fleetness of a fawn, now filling her lap with wild flowers, till joined by her companions, now listening to the affectionate discourse of Daddy Brown, and now engaging her brother's attention to some object or other, which she fancied resembled their native mountains.

Thus

Thus sporting, thus delighted, the decline of day was unobserved, until the calm of evening began to spread itself over the face of nature, when their good conductor, roused from the supine pleasure in which their innocent prattle had wrapped up all his senses, exerted his best endeavours to hasten them along; but every object retreated from their sight faster than they could advance on the heels of night.

Nothing now remained to their view but the fickle moon, who, as if sporting with their horrors, shewed herself only to expose them, one momentary peep being succeeded by a total envelopement of her treacherous countenance in clouds of impenetrable darkness.

Their careful guide, taking a child in each hand, ventured, with cautious step, to proceed on his way, but unfortunately lost the track, taking another which brought

him into the midst of coal and calamine pits, every where abounding on that chain of hills.

"Let us sit down here, my pretty ones," said the affrighted guardian, trembling at the danger into which he had brought them, "it is better to rest in safety, with the heavens for our canopy, till dawn of morning, than pursue a path that may lead us into peril of our lives." Saying which, he took Loretta on his knee, and placing Lewis by his side, they all nestled together, with Lion at their feet, to wait the return of morning.

To divert their fears during the time they were thus uncomfortably disposed of, he told them a number of little entertaining stories, in one of which he was interrupted by Loretta, who cried out that she saw a light.

Brown

Brown looked the way she directed, and saw it also, who recollecting to have passed by three cabins just before night came on, thought it possible the light might proceed from one of them. Inspired by the heart-gladdening idea, he sprang from the lap of earth, bade the children take hold of each other and follow closely after him, chusing, if there should be danger in the way, to encounter it first, or singly, should it please Providence, so to dispose of his life and preserve his beloved infants.

Such were his cogitations, such his ejaculation, whilst he thought himself approaching towards the light, which suddenly changed its position; and short as was the generous Brown's prayer, it seemed to have ascended to the heaven of heavens, for suddenly himself and the treacherous light, by which he had been betrayed, disappeared together, but the Orphans were rescued by the same Divine hand which plunged

plunged their only friend into one of those destructive pits before represented. They heard him fall—they screamed—their feet were pressed on the very brink—in another moment they would have partaken of his fate—inevitably have shared it—but for the intervention of that protecting Providence, to whom the prayer of Brown had been addressed—it arrested their steps, by the voice of our poor sufferer, who calling from below the earth, bade them, in a voice of agony, advance no farther.

To repeat the wailings, the lamentations, of those now apparently forsaken, friendless, although heavenly-guided, heavenly-guarded innocents, would answer no other end than to rend my own heart and the heart of my reader. Soothed by the sound of that loved voice which spent its last effort in their preservation, they threw themselves down by the pit's mouth, crying out upon Daddy Brown to speak again; but, alas!

alas! he spoke not. Again they scream—again renew their entreaties—and all is again silent, except only their own sobs, their own groans, which nothing could silence.

Morning found them fixed on the spot of desolation, a mortal paleness overspread their faces, and despair agitated their senses. Lewis, in a paroxysm of frenzy, seized the hand of his sister: "Let us jump down," said he, "and die with our second father: Oh that we had died with our first! Will you go down with me, Loretta?"

"Oh yes, yes;" cried she, grasping his hand; "but is it not a great deal of pain to die, Lewis?"

"Suppose it is, Loretta, we shall then go to heaven, and meet both our dear fathers; and you know here upon earth we have not one friend left."

Her

Her tears increased, but she consented to do as he desired. They drew nearer the pit's mouth.

"Shall not Lion go with us?" asked Loretta: "Who will take care of poor Lion when we are all gone? Pray let him go with us."

"No doubt he will follow us, sister."

"No, Lewis, no; we had better push him in first."

This little debate concerning the fate of Lion, fortunately protracted their own; and a glimmering of reason once more visited the benighted senses of Lewis, who withdrawing his right foot, half over the tremendous gulf, in its way to eternity, enquired of Loretta if it would not be best, before they jumped down, to pray for God's blessing and forgiveness; to which she as-
fented

sented with all her heart. They drew back from their dangerous situation, fell on their knees, and prayed with agonizing devotion that God would not be angry, but receive them into his bosom, with their two dear fathers.

That merciful Deity, whose ears are ever open to the cries of innocence, heard with compassion those of the poor little suppliants, calmed their turbulent sorrows, and imparted consolation to their timid hearts.

"Sister," exclaimed Lewis, rising from the ground with an air of confidence, "we will not throw ourselves into that terrible hole."

"Ah! I am very glad you don't love to die any better than I do; then Lion, you know, may live above ground too. Indeed, indeed, I am very glad. But why,
my

my dear brother, why do you groan so hard, if God will give us leave to live?"

"Because, Loretta, I fear I offended God when I wanted to kill you and myself, but I did not know what I was about; oh I was very wicked!"

"Yes, Lewis, you was then very wicked, but you are now very good; so promise you will not want to throw me into that nasty place any more, and then we will kneel down again and ask God to take care of us, and tell him we have nobody else to give us any thing."

"I do promise it with all my heart, Loretta, but do you pray to God for me; I have been so naughty now, that I feel I cannot pray for myself."

"Well, then, you may kneel down, and tell me what I shall say."—She resumed

her

her supplicating posture, with Lewis by her side, his eyes cast on the ground, hers lifted to Heaven.—Again she asked for his instructions, but he could answer only with his tears, which made her send up the simple effusions of her own afflicted little soul, in the following terms.

“God, good God! my brother is very sorry, see how he cries; pray, pray forgive him, good God! and send somebody to take our dear Daddy Brown out of the pit! and let him come up alive to take care of Lewis and me, good God!”

“Will that do, brother,” casting herself on his bosom, “will that do, my dear Lewis?”

“Yes, my sister; affectionately returning her embrace, I know God will hear you, because already my heart is much lighter.

“So now we will walk about and try if God
will

will let us meet any body to find Daddy Brown. Alas! he is not alive, Loretta, he must be drowned, for it was the noise of waters which I heard at the bottom of the hole that frightened me into the wicked sin I was going to commit."

To look out for this heaven-expected object, who would help them to bring Daddy Brown from the deep of the earth, overpowered with sorrow and fatigue, they travelled on the whole day without once meeting the human face divine, without food, and without knowing to what place the path they had taken would lead them.

They never halted except to rest their weary limbs or to weep, until they had attained a station near the cliffs of Cheder, a bold and prominent feature in the map of Somersetshire, as well as an object of admiration to all curious travellers who have

have made the tour of that enchanting county.

The sight of a cottage within their reach, transported our little wanderers; they knocked at the inhospitable door, which moved not on its hinges to give them admittance.

Lewis caught up a large stone, and knocked louder than before.

"Who is there?" cried a hoarse female voice, issuing from a small casement almost covered with thatch. "If it be you, Richard, with the meal, you must bring it to-morrow morning, for I won't be called out of my bed for nobody."

Quaking with horror for they knew not what, the pity-moving urchins crept nearer to a chimney which projected from the side of the hut, without daring to answer, and
hoping

hoping they should not be seen. But the person from above thrusting herself half-way out, caught a glimpse at their figures, when raising her stormy notes higher than before, "What, you little thieves," cried she, "are you come to steal my husband's tools from the house, or my eggs from the nest? Tell me this moment, or I will come down with a stick that shall thresh the confession out of your young bones."

Their fears, encreasing every moment, had by this time arrived at such a pitch, that Lewis softly whispered his sister, "Let us run for it, Loretta, she may be as good as her word; she who threatens to beat us is not of God's sending."

"No, indeed," said Loretta, "we had better lye with the birds in the hedge than stay here to be beaten;" so off they sprung with much vigour of the moment, yet so little real stamina, that tho' their strength carried

carried them through a race almost incredible without once looking behind them, they at last sunk down totally exhausted by the way side, at the foot of an ancient tree, whose outspread arms offered them a more safe shelter than the outside of that fury-inhabited hovel, from whence they had made their escape.

"Lewis," cried Loretta as soon as she was able to speak, "I am very hungry."

"So am I, sister; suppose, before it is quite dark, we go a little further, till we come to another house."

"But if we should see one, and a bad woman should drive us away, I could not run now, Lewis, indeed I could not!"

"Ah, but Loretta, all women are not hard-hearted; don't you know how many good ones we have met with, Parson Evan's
sister,

sister, the poor fisherman's wife, and she who took us in before we met with dear dear Daddy Brown?"

"Dear, dear Daddy Brown," softly echoed Loretta, sighing as if her little heart were bursting.—"Pray, sister, remember how good, how kind all these women were to us."

"I shall never forget *them*, brother, but they were God a Mighty's own women."

"Yes, and God, you know, can send us more of the same sort, if he pleases; so let us try, now that you have rested, if he will not please to let us find them. Hold by my arm, Loretta, and we shall get up this hill, I warrant you."

Thus encouraged, the lovely child, like a drooping snow-drop raised from the lap of earth, confiding in her brother's strength
for

for support against her own feebleness, ventured to ascend, and, rather by dragging than walking, got near the summit before she again sunk down, declaring she could go no farther, whilst Lewis in despair hung over her, wringing his hands, and calling out, till his voice re-echoed through the rocks, for that assistance he was not able to afford her.

My young readers, whose pure minds are still unadulterated by the mildew of pernicious examples—whose souls have never been intoxicated by unwholesome pleasures—whose hearts are not calloused by the hardening powers of dissipation, but yields, with all its native compliability, to the gentlest touches of sympathy—Readers of this description, whom I most honour, most wish to please, are those I shall most afflict, by forcing the tear of compassion from their eyes, and by making them feel for others what I hope they will never feel

for themselves: for such tender hearts as weep the forlorn condition of Montgomery's children, I have an anodyne in store which, seasonably administered, shall dry up their tears, and turn their sorrow into joy—but the season is not yet.

Would that, at the present moment, we could lighten the woes of our distracted Lewis and interesting Loretta! Yet, oh, it is the very midnight of their luckless fate!—but let us patiently wait for the morning of their more fortunate destiny!

Hard was the pitiless storm that pelted the defenceless heads of the poor little wanderers—loud the thunder that burst over them—forked and vivid the many-coloured lightning, from which they screened their eyes, by hiding their faces on the bosom of each other! Yet less tremendous the storm by which they were so suddenly overtaken, than the hurricane
of

of grief that raged in the soul of Lewis at the deplorable situation of his beloved sister. In vain were his cries for aid—in vain were his piteous lamentations, not for himself, but Loretta, whose tears fell faster than the rain, that already had soaked them to the skin!

Starting in agony, he got upon his feet, and with manly firmness, kindled by despair, dared the dangers that surrounded him; and seeing, as he looked every-where about him, something that seemed to be an opening in the side of a rock, by a sort of preternatural strength, which frenzy alone can engender, he caught up the almost lifeless partner of his sufferings, and bore her in his arms to the friendly asylum.

The crevice to which he had thus miraculously conveyed her, was one of those many arched recesses which the hill farmers turn into a shelter for their cattle

when the season happens to be inclement, placing fodder there as an enticement for them to enter.

One poor solitary cow was the only occupier of this, to all but Lewis, unenviable habitation: poor as it was, he blessed God on his knees for having conducted them to it; and first trying to rub off the wet from Loretta's cloaths with dry straw, he next made up a bed of the same materials, put a large stone for her pillow, and then covered her over with as much more as he could find, after searching every corner of the cell; disregarding the former tenant, who lay stretched at her ease, without wishing to disturb the arrangements of her fellow-lodgers, only that now and then she would cast a suspicious look at poor Lion; but he, gentle, well-bred creature, conducted himself with so much civility, that no actual rencontre took place, on the contrary, after a few tosses of the horns on one part,
and

and a few concessions on the other, both cow and dog slept as soundly, side by side, as did Lewis and Loretta, who, worn out by grief, hunger, and fatigue, soon became unresisting captives to the drowsy deity.

Unbroken rest, and pleasant dreams, in which Fancy presented them with viands unsubstantial as her own form, prolonged their slumbers; from which they might not have awoke till mid-day, but for a hand moving the straw that covered them, and a masculine voice, much kinder than had the evening before saluted them from the casement, calling out, "What, in the name of God, miserable children, brought you to this cavern?"

So strikingly benignant was the figure of the old peasant by whom they were accosted, that far from inspiring dread, it produced on the Orphans of Snowdon a contrary sensation; Lewis answered him with

H 3

intrepidity,

intrepidity, that they were strangers, knew nobody, had lost their way, and only escaped from the lightning to die of hunger.

“ You shall not do that, my brave boy,” cried the son of labour, dashing a tear from his sun-burnt cheek, with the back of a hand still more brown than his countenance, “ you shall not starve whilst I have a horn in my pocket, a cow by my side, and bread in my pouch.”

“ Good, good man !” exclaimed Loretta, “ Oh, give us some directly, for I am so hungry I don’t know what to do.”

Taking a crust from his canvas bag, he divided it between them; and raising the cow, drew from her kindly udder, by frequent applications, as much delicious milk, frothing above the brim of his polished horn, as more than sufficed to satisfy the
wants

wants of his little guests, what at last remained in the bottom he swallowed himself, spilling out the last drop on the ground, and returning the vessel to his pocket.

“Stop a moment,” cried Lewis and Loretta in one voice, “you have saved our lives, oh, dear father, poor Lion! pray give poor Lion a little also.”

He did not wait to be asked twice; but having served the last in the trio of friends to his heart's content, and being loaded with the thanks of those whom he had rescued from famine, he drove off his cow, telling them, if they wanted a night's lodging they should be welcome to his cottage when he came from his work in the evening; directing them where to find it, by a green porch over the door, in the village of Cheder.

H 4

“I have

“ I have no companion,” said he, “ I am a poor lone man, wifeless and babeless, or I would carry you home now ; you cannot miss your way, there it lies straight before you ;” shewing them the path. “ At supper I will feed you with hot cabbage and bacon ; so make the best of your time till then, and God go with you.”

The kindness of this simple cottager so strongly recalled Daddy Brown to their grateful recollection, that they might be said in the copy to worship the original : and now their cloaths being dry, as well as their bodies refreshed, they entered the path which they were told would lead them to Cheder village.

It was about ten in the morning, when arriving at the end of their stage, being no longer overwhelmed with hunger or thirst, they quietly passed through the little hamlet, looking at every door, not to solicit the
hand

hand of charity, but to discover the green porch described by the good-natured husbandman, which having at last espied at the very verge of the village, and immediately under the tremendous cliffs, whose lofty heads seemed wrapped in the blue mantle of the heavens, they lifted up the hatch which led to the cottage, through about two roods of ground, something between a garden and farm, one part being enriched with yellow ears of wheat, bending for the sickle, the other flourishing with vegetables, herbs, and flowers.

A palace raised by enchantment might have more astonished, but could not have excited more unmixed transports of joy than sprung from the hearts to the eyes of Montgomery's children, as they surveyed every thing around them; so like their native mountain, so like their native habitation, that Lewis exclaimed, "Oh, if we could but see our dear father standing on

H 5

the

the bend of that rock, our sheep and our goats hanging their pretty faces over this paling to be milked, I should think we were still at Snowdon! should not you, Loretta?"

"To be sure, brother; and if you are willing, we will live here; he who gave us the milk won't turn us away, if we dance and sing for him, as we used to do for dear Daddy Brown, before he went to God a Mighty's house."

Much more they prattled to each other as they sat under the green porch, resolved at first to wait there for the return at eve of their new protector, but afterwards changing their minds, went out to examine the cliffs, attended by Lion, with their bundle, an object which Lewis never lost sight of. "We shall be back again," said he, as they turned from the wicket, "before the good man comes home."

The

The morning had been foggy, to which a scorching sun now succeeded; the little wanderers acknowledged the comforts of its influence, as it not only relaxed their limbs, almost cramped by the hardness of their rocky beds on the preceding night, but also dried the damps that still adhered to their scanty garments.

The heat, which at first cheered, became at last too fervent; Lewis cast himself on the grass, Loretta sat by his side, pulling the wild pink, so peculiarly the production of Cheder Cliffs, the many and beautiful children of her flinty bosom. Now the playful girl covered herself, and now her brother, with the blossoms she plucked which grew within her reach, till tired of sporting, she opened the bundle, when taking from it the treasure of all treasures, their fine morocco Bible, nicely covered by Daddy Brown with blue paper, to keep it from soiling by their frequent application

to its contents, she presented it to Lewis, begging he would read; whereupon he began certain chapters, of which they were exceedingly fond, containing the pathetic history of Joseph and his brethren. He read in an exalted tone, whilst Loretta repeated every verse after him, in a voice sweeter, shriller, and more penetrating, which, united to the force of her brother's, reverberated amongst the rocks to a considerable distance, and at last reached the ears of a party curiosity had drawn thither, who taking echo for their conductor, soon discovered the Orphans' retreat, and advanced towards them quite unobserved, till the little one turning her head at the barking of Lion, saw the strangers, two ladies and a child, standing close behind them, a woman and a footman waiting at a distance.

"We shall be sorry," said the eldest of the ladies, "to disturb you, my children, when you are so profitably employed."

They

They had risen to receive the honour of her notice, Lewis, with the book in his hand, his eyes modestly cast on the ground, those of Loretta rivetted on the little girl, and blushing deeply, perhaps from the difference in their appearance, or perhaps from that sort of lively attraction which children of nearly the same age and sex feel for each other; whatever the motive of her confusion, whatever her predilection to the youngest, she sweetly paid her homage to the other ladies, as did Lewis, though with an air more firm and manly.

“Did you ever, my dear,” said Mrs. Osmond, speaking to the youngest, who was her daughter, and the mother of her who employed so much of Loretta’s attention, “did you ever see such a boy! Did you ever see such a girl!”

“They are very well,” replied Lady Acres, in a tone of pique rather than praise.

praise. Then calling her own girl, "Come hither Harriet," said she, "what makes you leave my side to stand by you don't know whom?"

Harriet, who step by step, had crept closer to Loretta, whose glances she returned with inexpressible kindness, hesitated, as if to consider whether to obey or refuse the angry command; then catching hold of the good lady's hand, who was beginning to enter into conversation with Lewis, "Dear grandmamma," said she, "do speak to mamma, that she will not make me come away, for I had much rather stay with you, except she will come as near these pretty children as we are."

This request was overheard by her ladyship, who receiving a look of intreaty at the same time from her mother in favour of her grand-daughter's petition, nodded a reluctant permission, saying, for her part
she

she should venture no further, there being sufficient beauties to engage *her* admiration, without running the risk of disagreeable consequences; and beckoning her footman to follow, took another path, but did not go out of sight, often turning a supercilious glance of enquiry after those she had left behind her.

Mrs. Osmond sitting down on a fragment of the broken cliff, Harriet by her side, and Montgomery's children at her feet, placed there at her own command, she asked their names, from whence they came, and whither they were going.

Allured by the winning sweetness of her voice and features, Lewis felt none of his usual *mauvaise honte* when speaking to people of her dignified appearance, but told his name, his country, and as much of their simple but disastrous tale, as would have made Mrs. Osmond wish to hear the whole

whole of their adventures, could she have surmised to how many strange and critical situations they had been exposed.

“Do you understand,” said she, “the book in which I found you reading?”

“Yes, very well.”

“What do you call it?”

“Father called it the Word of God.”

“And the Bible too, brother.”

“Every body knows that, Loretta.”

“And does every body know, Lewis, all the fine prayers it holds besides the chapters?”

“Do you pray often, my sweet ones?”

“Oh,

“ Oh, very often.”

“ And who do you pray for ?”

“ Sometimes for our father, sometimes for ourselves, and sometimes for Daddy Brown.”

“ Your father, you say, is dead, you should pray for him no longer, poor Orphans! Pray that God may take you under his own holy protection. Who is it you call Daddy Brown, and where does he live?”

“ He is dead too; he fell into a deep, deep pit last night, and we shall never see him again.”

“ Was he good to ye?”

This question being answered by sobs and tears, the most forcible of all language,
and

and the most infectious of all sensations—Mrs. Osmond paused; Harriet wept, whilst with her own cambrick frock she would have wiped Loretta's cheeks, but seeing Lady Acres turn, and fearful of her displeasure, she retracted hastily, again sitting down by the side of her grandmother.

Casting on the Orphans a look, charged with more than the tenderest compassion, "Tell me," said the good lady, "what became of ye, after this terrible accident?"

Lewis described where and how they had passed the night.

"Miserable innocents! How have you been supported? How gained a livelihood?"

"Lewis dances."

"And Loretta sings."

"Would

"Would you dance and sing to please me?"

"Yes, when we can forget Daddy Brown a little."

"What do you carry in that bundle which your handsome dog guards with so much faithfulness?"

"Our cloaths."

"Nothing else."

"Oh yes, a very pretty box."

"Will you let me see it?"

It was immediately produced by Lewis, and the key delivered into her hand with so much frankness as quite enchanted their predestined protectress; for already Mrs. Osmond had taken up her resolution, and only waited to declare it until all the intelligence

ligence she could glean from their responses had been obtained.

She first examined the seal, then said, as if speaking to herself, "These are arms of some consequence!—Where did you find this toy, my good children?"

"We did not find it any where; it was our father's, and he gave it to us when he commanded that we should come to England after he was dead."

"Did he tell you of any use that it would be of to you in this country?"

"Yes, he said it was the arms of his family; but I don't know what that means; yet we take care of it, because father told us it may do us good."

"Do you know of any relation your father has in this country?"

"Oh,

"Oh, he has a brother so wicked that I hate him."

"And I hate him too," echoed Loretta.

"You should hate nobody, my darlings."

"That is just what my father told us."

"Then you should have better remembered his instructions."

"I can't tell what is the matter with me when I think how he robbed my dear, dear father of all his money, I feel so warm, and my heart bounces so against my ribs, that though I try not to hate him, I can't help it."

"That is an evil in your disposition, my dear, and which we must try to eradicate hereafter. But what have we here?" opening the case.

"It

"It is the picture of my mother."

"She too is dead?"

"Ah! I am very sorry for that."

"No doubt."

"How long has she been dead?"

"It is you who must inform me of that; I never heard of your mother till now; I hope you have not run away from her protection?"

"Ah, no indeed! but—but—but——"

"Good boy, fear not to tell me the truth."

"I would not tell a lie for all the world, so although she is my mother, she is very, very naughty; a fine gentleman carried her

her to England, when we were in our cradle."

"Did she never return?"

"Never."

"Abandoned wife! abominable mother!" These exclamations only rested on the lips of Mrs. Osmond, but did not escape beyond them. The more she heard their innocent prattle, the greater interest these lovely Orphans made in her affections.

At length rising from the moss-covered stone on which she had been sitting, and bidding the children remain where they were, she stepped forward to meet and consult with her daughter, concerning the disposal of what she called the heavenly-directed Orphans. "For if," said she, "Providence had not guided *them*, and favoured *me*, the blessed opportunity of befriending
their

their unsheltered condition would never have been put into my power."

Lady Acres, though a little peevish, a little proud, a little self-willed, and not a little envious of every child who surpassed her own in beauty, had nevertheless such profound awe for the excellency of her mother's judgment, as well as affection for her person, that, opposite as were their dispositions, the strictest harmony had ever subsisted between them. No sooner, therefore, had Mrs. Osmond signified her intentions of taking the deserted Orphans under her own immediate protection, than, however ungraciously inclined in thought, by word or deed she made no objection; only requesting that, on *their* accounts, they might not be detained any longer on the cliffs: adding, "You, mamma, will have time enough to arrange the fate of these little strollers after I am gone. You know I expect to meet Sir John at Bath this evening;

evening; that we set out for town to-morrow, and that if he does not find me arrived before him, he will be frightfully angry."

"Nay, my dear," replied her mother smiling, "although I believe you would run no great risk of incurring your husband's displeasure by any detention for which I am answerable; yet since you are grown timid, I would not give you cause for imbibing even imaginary troubles."

"Dear Madam, if you were going with me to Bath, it would be quite a different affair, for then you would make my excuses."

Mrs. Osmond would have entered into a short explanation of her benevolent plans, and wished to have convinced her daughter the birth of the pretty destitutes was greatly above their present condition, but

her Ladyship became so fidgeting, so inattentive to every thing, except the fear of offending Sir John, that the good lady gave up the attempt, consenting, at the request of this too impatient wife, to remit the particulars at her leisure, and by post. Then taking Harriet by the hand, who only dared to nod a farewell to the Orphans of Snowdon; with whom, whilst left to her own conduct, she had entered into something like tender familiarity, she was conveyed, between her mother and grandmother, to the side of a chaise and four, which, with a coach and six, stood at the bottom of the cliffs, followed by Lewis and Loretta at a respectful distance, led by Mrs. Osmond's two servants; who saw in the eyes of their adored mistress, when she put them under their convoy, that the kindness shewn to her *protégés* would be the most acceptable duty they could perform to herself.

The

The three ladies tenderly embracing each other, the younger one and her daughter entered the chaise; Harriet's eyes drowned in tears to part with her indulgent grandmother, but their last look fell on Montgomery's children, whose chagrin at seeing such a kind-hearted little lady no more, appeared on their cherub countenances in *traits* the most melancholy, till the chaise being out of sight, Mrs. Osmond, like the angel of consolation descending to the aid of sorrowing humanity, by the softest, gentlest expression, by the sweetest, truest promises of maternal protection, chased from their animated features every cloud inimical to the lively rays of hope, joy and gratitude.

Nature taught them their first lesson in the rules of graceful acknowledgments; till now they had knelt to no created being—their maiden act of prostration to any fellow creature was made at the feet of

their benefactress, who would have clasped them to her generous breast and have covered their faces with kisses, but chose to defer such personal tokens of fondness until she should have put them into other habiliments, those they had on being torn and sullied.

However she took them as they were into her carriage, often pressed their little hands, which, as well as their faces, were as pure as the snow on their native mountain; sometimes she sighed, as Lewis, encouraged by her goodness, and in obedience to her commands, succinctly related the disasters of their short lives; sometimes smiled at the interruptions of Loretta, ever simple, often touching, always amusing.—She grieved for what they had suffered—she rejoiced that Heaven should have appointed her the instrument of their future preservation.

The

The heart of this worthy woman was not the only conquest made by our engaging Orphans; Mrs. Warly, her own servant, who sat on the same side with her lady, gazed upon them with rapture, and listened to them with so much delight, that being observed with approbation by her mistress, she asked whether she should think the charge of two such children any very heavy addition to the labour of her other station.

“ So far, my Lady,” she replied, “ from thinking any thing I could do to serve them a trouble, were any accident to overtake you, Madam, which God forbid! I would work for them day and night, rather than they should ever again be cast upon the wide world.”

Mrs. Osmond gave her the praise her philanthropy deserved; Lewis and Loretta looked their thanks stronger than words could have expressed them.

In passing through the village their road led by the cottage with a green porch ; our hero and heroine, watched for it with that kind of gloomy avidity with which we desire to behold a beloved object who we suppose we are to see no more.

“ There, there it is ! ” they exclaimed, snatching a glance as the horses went swiftly along.

“ Let us pray God, brother,” said Loretta, “ before we go to bed, to bless the man and the cow who saved us from starving this morning ; if we had been starved, we should have died, you know, like dear, dear father, and dear, dear Daddy Brown.”

The shake of the head, the lifting of the hands, which accompanied this unstudied and unrestrainable emotion, aiding by words so full of gratitude, so replete with affection, heightened that pleasure which
benevolence

benevolence never fails to bestow on its true votaries.

Mrs. Osmond assured her little susceptible companions that she would put it in their power, at some other time, to reward their cottage friend for his kindness; and in this she was as good as her word, by remitting, through one of her tenants who was going to Bristol, two guineas for the use of the man *at the green porch*, which was all the direction that could be given; but it was enough, the farmer turning out of his way and gaining the village of Cheder, found him without difficulty, and delivered the money into his own hands, telling him at the same time, by the order of his gracious employer, that it was the gift of Heaven for his charity to the fatherless, who were now well taken care of, and loved him with all their hearts.

The countryman stared—and the farmer departed, having uttered as fast as he could the whole of his commission.

I have gone a little zigzag to mention this noble offering at the shrine of recompence, that it might neither interfere with more interesting business, or be totally neglected.

Mrs. Osmond had done honour to the state of widowhood upwards of ten years, as she had also done to that of a wife twice the number. Her husband had been, what she was, each the glory of their sex, the patterns of manly honour and of female virtue. Her jointure four thousand a year—Lady Acres her only child; who carried Sir John fifty thousand pounds, with a reversionary right to the whole estate after the decease of her mother: and often would that excellent mother say merrily to her

her son and daughter, " Instead of living to enrich you by my savings, you have nothing to expect but that I shall be forced to tax your charity for a decent exit."

Indeed nothing was more likely than that she, who lived in the luxury of doing good, should at her death have no more to dispose of than those who enjoy the luxuries of selfish pleasures and expensive vices. Whether spending in the purchase of heaven, or in the service of sin, the consequences are exactly the same to their heirs in general.

It was the custom of Mrs. Osmond, after squandering all the year, giving and lending to every distressed family, with whose difficulties she could possibly make herself acquainted at the close of each, first to settle accounts with her dependants, and next with herself, when if there happened an overplus in her favour, she considered it

as a deposit for the use of others, and never rested till she had found the right owners, by searching after new objects of indigent pretensions.

The servants of Mrs. Osmond were more happy, and perhaps deserving to be so, than many mistresses at the head of their own families; they had but one example, had it been bad, they might have followed—it was good, and they did follow it.

Birds, dogs, horses, every thing which breathed in or about Osmond Lodge, divided the care of its beneficent owner, in the attention she bestowed on their safety, their ease, and necessary accommodation. This brings me to rectify an omission of which I was guilty on quitting Cheder, by failing to declare that Lion was of the party.

Notwithstanding the age of this animal anteceded the birth of Lewis two years, yet
he

he was still a good traveller, an useful and merry companion. Disencumbered from Loretta's bundle, he was at all times ready to pick up a glove, a stick, or an handkerchief, which he would afterwards present, standing erect, to either groom; who, to to make trial of his agility, were alternately dropping something or other, which Lion was dispatched to reproduce, and never refused the commission. He seemed to consider himself as released from the guardianship of his late master's children, and at liberty to devote his talents for the purpose of bettering his own fortune, nor did his honest endeavours out-run his success, for by the time they stopped at Bridgewater he was fully established in the favour of his new acquaintances.

Mrs. Osmond, when she encountered the Orphans of Snowdon on Cheder Cliffs, was returning to her house in Devonshire, having accompanied Lady Acres to Bath,

I 6

where,

where, after spending six weeks together, she conducted her mother so far on her journey back. The preceding night they had slept at Langford Inn, which for neatness and comfort has few rivals on the Western Road; besides, by its distance being advantageously situated for compassionate travellers who journey with their own horses.

The next morning, after breakfast, when the ladies were to have parted, most fortunately for Montgomery's children, Lady Acres took it into her head that she should like of all things to visit Cheder, of whose tremendous mountains she had heard so much as to set her curiosity on the tantivy, which nothing could appease but her mother's turning out of her direct track to view them with her. That wise parent, whose opinion was never disputed in great matters, because bending and indulgent in small ones, now, although much more inclined

clined to proceed forwards, she most graciously assented to her daughter's wishes, nor thought herself ill-requited, when in the act of admiring the sublime of Nature, she met with two of her most exquisite models of human loveliness, and made them her own.

Does any reader want to know what became of Loretta's bundle, having said Lion was released from the burden, and it being very easy to conceive there could be no admittance for so shabby a passenger in Mrs. Osmond's carriage? What then became of it? Why it was left, my dear little friends, on Cheder Cliffs, for crows and ravens to build their nests with; for such rags as it contained, though serving to cover the offspring of wretchedness, agreed not with the bounty of their new protectress; all therefore was left behind, all but the precious box and its more precious treasure,

treasure, these were consigned, by Mrs. Osmond's own hand, to the care of Lewis, who no more quitted them, till at night when he laid them under his pillow.

From Cheder to Bridgewater twice they halted, less on account of the horses than for the sake of the children, who received such refreshment as their guardian angel thought necessary, without leaving the carriage, being handed to the side of it by her own servants, to whom the Orphans' miserable dishabille was already familiar; and if she did not wish further to expose their poverty, her motives for concealment sprung from no little selfish vanity, but were founded on that delicacy which attached only to the feelings of those innocents she had so nobly rescued from the gripe of famine.

Condescension going hand in hand with kindness, are the best agents we can at any time

time employ in pursuit of rational pleasures, I particularly mean pleasures of the heart, by opening a communication with modest merit, whose powers of charming would otherwise be confined under the fetters of awkward restraint, like æther tied down in a bottle, whose volatile pungency is good for nothing unless the cork be drawn.

If the foregoing simile should not be suitable to all occasions, it is at least applicable to the present, as may be collected from an expression which fell from the lips of Mrs. Osmond to her female attendant in the course of their first day's journey.

“ Warly,” said she, “ I never travelled so pleasantly in my whole life; these children are a continual fund of entertainment.”

Would

Would they, impressed only by sentiments of awe or reverence, without the qualifying sweets of love to soften the composition—would they have found courage to exert, as they did, all their little powers of attraction to amuse their benevolent mistress, if at the same time their grateful souls had not acknowledged her the kindest of their friends? No; they would have remained in her presence mute, uneasy, perhaps dissatisfied, perhaps murmuring anew for the loss of their father and Daddy Brown, before whom they were licensed to speak without constraint: but the affability, as well as the partiality, of their preserver, spared them from any such humiliating comparison; they could not have talked with more freedom, or sung with less *mauvaise honte*, at the bidding of Daddy Brown himself, than they did at the request of Mrs. Osmond.

It

It was just after Loretta had finished her pretty song on Morning that she exclaimed, "*Warily, I never travelled so pleasantly in my whole life; these children are a continual fund of entertainment!*"

"Have you not another in your collection, my love?" asked her delighted patroness.

"Yes, a great, great many, and I will sing them all, if you please."

"Not *all* now, it will fatigue you too much; but let me be treated with one more of them."

"What shall I sing, Lewis?"

"The Lark on high."

"Oh no! Daddy Brown taught me *that*, and I don't know the tune without hearing his

his fiddle—I shall never hear it again!” shaking her head, and two crystal tears falling down her cheeks; “I shall never hear dear Daddy Brown’s fiddle any more!”

Mrs. Osmond, penetrated both by her words and silent gestures, forgot the caution imposed by delicacy, took hold of her hand, drew the pathetic charmer forwards, bent to meet her face half way, and kissed it with unutterable tenderness.

“We will defer the song till to-morrow,” said she, scarcely able to articulate, “we are near the end of our journey;” and smiling, pointed out to their view the town of Bridgewater, at no great distance. This new object answered the end for which she intended it; Loretta’s tears were brushed away, and the melancholy thoughtfulness beginning to invade the features of Lewis superseded by the eager expression of curiosity.

“How

"How like this town is to the city of Bristol," cried the brother of Loretta, as the fresh looking horses leisurely trotted thro' the precincts.

"Oh dear!" cried his sister, "I believe in my very heart it must be Bristol its ownself; look, Lewis, how smoaky, how dark it is, and that nasty, muddy river."

"It is not Bristol, my dears," replied Mrs. Osmond, laughing; "yet in discovering the likeness you shew a great deal of penetration; the similitude between them is so striking that Bridgewater has been often called the Daughter of Bristol."

"Ah!" returned the child of nature, again shaking her little significant noddle, "it is pity Bristol should have any children."

"Who

“ Why so ? ”

“ Because I think she is not very pretty ;
do you, Lewis ? ”

But before he could reply, the carriage stopped at the door of a principal inn, where Mrs. Osmond and her *suite* were expected, a groom having gone on before to announce the approach of his lady.

The good-natured Warly saw, on more occasions than one, her mistress's anxiety to hide from general observation the mean habiliments which disguised her brace of angels, and having quickly followed her steps, as she alighted threw her own long cloak over the shoulders of Loretta, leading her with one hand, and holding out the other to Lewis, whose appearance being less raggamuffin, they passed muster pretty well till she had hustled them into an upper chamber adjoining to the dining-room, whither

whither she went to receive the commands of her lady, first kissing the children, and afterwards locking the door upon them to keep out obtrusive enquiries.

During the conference between Mrs. Osinond and her *charge des affaires*, it was determined by the former to remain so long at Bridgewater as might be necessary to equip the children with new cloathing. "I would not make them fine," said this excellent judge of propriety, "but decent; I would not make them vain, but comfortable. These are all the directions I shall give, the management of every thing else I leave to yourself; only I would have you keep them from the sight of every body until they are a little transformed, and then we will immediately recommence our journey."

Mrs. Warly lost no time to execute with critical exactness all the orders of her lady,
who

who very often stole to the children's apartment and became their companion, whenever her busy attendant was engaged with the trades-people employed to render our Orphans' appearance more appropriate to their fortunate situation; it was only at the hours of eating and sleeping that she could separate herself from them, and even then with regret, as every moment they became more and more endeared to her affections.

It was not before the evening of the second day that these important preparations were finally compleated. Warly gave her mistress no reason to suppose they would have been ready so soon; she thought an agreeable surprize preferable to expected pleasure.

Influenced by an opinion rather common than singular, prior to their going to bed she washed their hands, arms and bosoms all over with her lady's best hungary water,

water, cut and rasped their well-shaped transparent nails, combed out their auburn traces, and would have twisted them on rollers but for the trick of nature, who having already formed their ringlets after her own graceful fashion, stiffly contended with the hand-maiden of art, who, in consequence of many unsuccessful efforts, was forced to give out at last.

Conquered, but not disheartened, she proceeded to divest them of their canvas linen, exchanging it for good Holland, washed their feet in spring-water, heard them say their prayers, laid them between sheets as wholesome and as white as their own skin, and moving from one bed to the other, kissed each, bidding them go to sleep, then sat herself down to put their other little matters in order for the morning.

First she examined what she had examined (without approving) a thousand times before—

before—it was the cap intended for Loretta's presentation—the shape was well enough, round and simple—but the borders were plain—it would be ten times better if she were to take them off, and tack on some of her own lace, which was fine, and had been worn by her lady. The ribbon too—it was blue—it ought to have been pink—and pink it shall be.—She rumaged over a whole band-box full of ribbons—and selecting her favourite colour, called the maiden-blush, fell to new-modelling the cap in every possible direction, and almost worshipped the work of her own hands.

“How beautiful the little angel face will look in it!”—This was her first transported exclamation.—Again—“There is still all this lace remaining—what shall I do with it?—Somewhere or other it must, and it shall, go to adorn them. Let me see, here is no frill round Lewis's shirt-collar—

lar—no tucker round the bosom of Loretta's frock—yes, it will do very well.—Sweet creatures, they will look like two May blossoms." No sooner said than done—the lace frills were sewed on in a trice; and she retired to rest with that sort of self-complacency which deserves to be called the best friend, as self-reproach is certainly the worst enemy, to repose.

Whilst attending to undress her mistress, the cap, the shirt, and the frock, or rather the effect she expected they would produce on the lovely wearers, as well as on the admiration of their patroness, occupied her delighted imagination, and spread over her face a simper of satisfaction so conspicuous as did not escape the notice of Mrs. Osmond, who observed, she was glad to see her look so chearful, as it seemed to prognosticate they should not be detained much longer in a place, which had nothing to recommend it but necessity.

"Yes, Madam, I hope we shall be ready to-morrow."

"The sooner the better; I have been so long absent from home, and am so impatient to return, that I think never to leave it any more as long as I live."

"God keep you in the same mind, Madam, and we shall all be gainers. Poor Mr. Jonathan would be out of his judgment if he could hear you say so."

"Good old man! he shall hear me say so."

"May I bid the servants, Madam, get ready to set out as soon as you have done breakfast?"

"Oh yes; nothing is more desirable, provided my children are ready also."

"Yes,

“ Yes, *I* will answer *for that*, Madam.”

“ I shall sleep the better for it. Good night, Warly.”

“ How kind, how condescending is my dear mistress!” (whispered this faithful copieſt of univerſal good-will, having cloſed the curtains, and retired to her own chamber through that of Montgomery’s children, whoſe beds ſhe did not paſs without taking a peep at them.) “ How ſweetly ſhe ſpeaks to one! If all ladies were like our lady, ſervitude would be no hardſhip, and ſervants might lay down their lives for ſuch as freely as they would ſerve one another.”

I thought this ſentiment worth recording, as it is very certain, the more a maſter or miſtreſs are beloved, the more they will be reſpected and the better obeyed.”

K 2

The

The next morning, before it was quite day, the Orphans of Snowdon were gently awakened by the voice and touch of Mrs. Warly; who saw, with abundant self-congratulation, that their charms were infinitely improved by her over-night's system of beautifying. The lily of the field was not whiter than their skin, or the rose of Circassia more blooming than their complexion: yet much was to be done; and what with dressing, what with adorning, and what with admiring them, they found her in full employment till summoned to attend her lady, when pausing for a moment, to consider if she should take the children in her hand, at last left them behind, bidding them sit still, and be sure not to tumble their new cloaths, till she came to fetch them, because their best friend might see them as neat as if taken from a band-box.

“How

"How pretty you look, Lewis!" said Loretta, (the instant they were alone) "I don't look so pretty as you, do I?"

"That you do, and a great deal prettier."

"Oh, but I have no collar like your's, all open round the throat, and falling over your beautiful blue coat."

"Nor have I a fine frock and red leather shoes, Loretta."

"No indeed; but though your's are black, they are new and very shining. I should like to see myself in that glass, shouldn't you, Lewis? I wish it was not so very, very high, or we might stand on a chair and see ourselves all over."

" You forget, sister, that Mrs. Warly told us we were not to move out of our places."

" Oh dear, I forgot that! But do you think there would have been much harm, if the glass had been lower down and we had walked just softly along the room, to see how pretty we are dressed?"

" Ah, Loretta! there is harm in doing any thing our best friends tell us not to do; we always obeyed our dear father and dear Daddy Brown. We have no father! no Daddy Brown now! except the great lady who brought us here in her coach, and kind Mrs. Warly; so you know we ought to obey them in every thing."

" Well, pray, Lewis, don't be angry, I will say so no more; and if you could take down that great glass from the wall and
bring

bring it to me, I would not look at it, because it would have made us disobedient; but I wish, for all that, I wish you would look at my nice frock, to see if it be tumbled, and that my beautiful cap fits straight."

Such are the insinuating powers of vanity when attacking the mind of a female, old or young, that even the youth and simplicity of the little fairy Loretta did not entirely escape its influence. This tendency, like all other weaknesses, if watched in its early formation, may easily be eradicated, but suffered to grow without restraint, even amidst every blossoming virtue, the root is fixed, and they are all overshadowed. Such will not be the fate of Loretta; the eyes of her prudent guardian, though partial, can never be blinded, and if nature has given her faults, education will correct them.

If Warly simpered at night when putting her lady to-bed, at the mere idea of how the children would look, when she had set them off to the best advantage in the morning, after she saw how much the reality of their charms exceeded her imagination, she did not confine her features to a simper, nor her tongue to silence, but with joyful animation gave such an account of her own performances, and such a description of the Orphans, as filled Mrs. Osmond with the utmost impatience to behold the wonderful change so wonderfully related; for the good gentlewoman had declared that they only wanted wings to fly to heaven, where, though flesh and blood, they might well pass for angels.

Angels indeed! thought Mrs. Osmond, as Warly led them into her chamber; and seeing them fall at her feet, as instructed by their conductress, angels indeed! Her heart only uttered, her lips were closed.

She

She raised them, pressed them to her bosom, and examined them all over, then said, "Warly, have you not a *little* exceeded your commission?"

"I thought, Madam——"

"Oh, very well; you thought I ordered this cap, and these bosoms to be trimmed with lace."

"I dare not tell you a lie, Madam, by saying I misapprehended your orders."

"What then, my good woman?"

"I thought, Madam, as the lace is my own, through your bounty, I thought it would look mighty pretty about these sweet little creatures. I hope your goodness will pardon my presumption."

“ Oh, dear Lady! pray, pray pardon Mrs. Warly,” cried the Orphans, again dropping on their knees, their hands clasped together, their soft blue eyes swimming in tears; “ we will tear off the lace this moment, rather than you should be angry with Mrs. Warly. Pray, pray take my cap, Mrs. Warly,” added Loretta, grieved by the fear of offending her revered benefactress; “ it is very, very pretty, but I will never wear it again, no never !”

Mrs. Osmond, who was rather gratified than displeased, by the effect of her attendant's whimsical foppery, soon restored peace to the sensitive hearts of her imploring *protégés*, the cap replaced, the beautiful face it shaded fondly kissed, Lewis's hand pressed, the supposed fault of Warly forgiven, on her promising she would never let them appear in future with laced caps or laced collars; a command which, in the
height

height of her gentleness, Mrs. Osmond thought proper to enforce with more than seriousness—with all the dignity of gravity; and the sunshine of happiness restored to every countenance, she ordered breakfast to be brought to her own apartment, where she detained the children, attended only by her partner in the treasures of Snowdon, the delighted, the exquisitely delighted Mrs. Warly.

Having rested the horses so long at Bridgewater, the coachman assured his lady they were equal to a journey of thirty miles, before they would require any other refreshment than a lock of hay and a drop of water, which they might get at the end of ten or twelve miles, without being taken from the carriage.

Mrs. Osmond, who very much wished to be at home, and placed as much confidence in the skill of her coachman, as a

K 6

wife

wise king reposes in experienced ministers, listened with pleasure to his opinion, readily adopted it, and ordered provisions for herself and companions to be packed up in the carriage, that the impediment of hunger might not obstruct their progress.

At Taunton, whilst the horses were champing their mouthful of hay from the hands of half a dozen hostlers, and sucking up a hearty draught from as many leather buckets, before the door of a large inn, the children eat their cake in the carriage, with the Venetian blinds drawn down, to prevent their becoming too much the object of vulgar curiosity, a vast concourse of the lower order, who had just caught a glimpse of them, having followed the coach and surrounded it.

Lion had been kindly offered a seat on the perch, but accustomed to the exercise of tramping, he chose to run at the side of the

the riding servants, who took care to preserve this preference in full vigour, by lining their pockets with flavoured morsels, and casting them between his teeth at every convenient distance.

The roads good, the days not short, and the weather favourable, Mrs. Osmond, with her little nestlings, reached the inn where she intended to sleep about twilight. As she got out of the carriage, the coachman, turning round on his box, one hand lifted to his oil-skin covered hat, begged she would observe the fine condition of his cattle; "Your ladyship will see that thirty miles is only play, for they have not drawn a hair."

Without understanding the phrase, his mistress assured him she was well satisfied, both with himself and his horses; adding, "As you all travel so well, I should hope that

that I shall dine at my own house the day after to-morrow."

"I will answer for bringing you there to breakfast, Madam, if it be your ladyship's pleasure."

"We will talk further on that subject in the morning. Get ready at an early hour. In the mean time take care of yourselves, the horses, and the children's faithful dog."

"Lord love her," cried the coachman, as she walked into the house, "there is not in all England another lady so compassionate to Christians and dumb creatures!"

The second day's journey passed like the first; but no lace appeared on the trimmings of Lewis or Loretta, whose plain
cambrick

cambrick frills were equally becoming to that sort of loveliness, which might be called independant of ornamental aids; a truth Mrs. Warly herself could not but assent to.

On the third morning a groom was dispatched to Osmond Lodge, with the agreeable intelligence to his fellow-servants, that their beloved mistress might be expected to dinner; a caution advised by Warly, that her lady might not find them unprovided for her reception. This commission every one of the attendants would have contended for, if contention could, on any occasion, have found its way amongst domestics so regularly, so kindly, so religiously governed.

There can be no doubt of the warm welcome given to the messenger of so much good, as well as strange news; for after having made the whole house resound
with

with joy on account of their mistress's return, he did not fail to give such a history of her benevolence to the Orphans of Snowdon, with such a description of the children, not forgetting the merits of Lion, as drew tears from the eyes, and thanksgiving from the tongues of an audience, perhaps more eager than wise, certainly more warm than discreet; one ran one way, another another; some to tell the tale to their neighbours, some to set the bells ringing; so that at last only the venerable steward, the silver-headed Jonathan, remained to listen; who not content with the pathetic tale *once* told, brought the relater to repetition after repetition, now weeping for sorrow, now for joy, as the fortunes of our little ones worked upon his sympathy, ending all with pledging the narrator in a bumper to the health of their god-like lady, and crying *Amen*, to a second, dedicated by the groom to her long life and prosperity; then taking the glass
from

from his lips, just as it was half empty—
“And God bless,” added he, “the pretty little babes of her charity!”

Mrs. Osmond's servants, whether at home or abroad, were never tardy to execute her orders, of course she did not wait for her carriage a moment beyond the time when she was ready to enter it.

Lewis and Loretta, inspired with the fondest affection for their gracious preserver, with true love for their friend Warly, and delighted with the passing objects, uttered a thousand unstudied exultations of the heart. At last they begged permission to stand down and look out at the side glass.

“What would you see, my loves?” asked Mrs. Osmond; who made questions of the slightest subjects, to draw from them the innocent answers on which she doated.

“I would

“ I would see the little sheep, lady, if you please,” said Loretta, “ and put out my head to hear the sweet birds sing.”

“ And what, my good boy, will most engage your attention, if I allow you to peep out at the side glass which is open ?”

Lewis hesitated, not from any struggle in his choice, but from incertitude whether he ought to address her like Loretta, by the appellation of *Lady*, or call her *Madam*, like Mrs. Warly, a point he had never before properly considered ; at last he thought of the two the latter must know best, he therefore adopted her expression, and blushing with fear that his silence might have offended, he replied with manly grace, all his own—“ Madam, if you give leave, whilst Loretta is looking after the sheep and the birds, I would observe all the hills, which seem as if they were coming to meet us, the trees too that
run

run away from us, the green fields, and all the people going along ; and wish," added he, with a sigh, " *you* knew every one of them, and they would be as happy as we are."

" Why must that be the consequence of *my* knowing them ?"

" Because you would feed them, and give them new cloaths."

" Go, my children, before I have too much of you."

" Oh do not be angry, Madam !"

" Angry, no ! you give me pain, but it is the sweet pain arising from exquisite pleasure."

" Lewis calls you *madam*, lady ; shall I call you madam ?" said Loretta.

" Mother

"Mother is the name I shall like better than either lady or madam, so call me mother—and a mother I will be to you both."

"Well then, dear mother, shall we look out now?"

"You may."

"Do you hear, Lewis, lady mother says we may."

And presently they were on their feet, with half their bodies thrust out on that side of the carriage opposite a high raised causeway, built for the accommodation of foot passengers.

They had continued in their desired situation several minutes, whispering their remarks to each other, when suddenly a violent scream from their little throats, which seemed

seemed to rend the air, so much alarmed Mrs. Osmond, that, without the power of reflecting or observing that they were safe, and the door shut, her hands mechanically covered her eyes, and she exclaimed—
“ Oh God! they are fallen out! The horses have gone over them, and they are killed!”

The children continued their terrifying cries, mingled with the monosyllable *stop*, as often as they could give it utterance: but being too shrill or too distant to reach the ears of either coachman or postilions, Mrs. Warly vehemently exalted her own voice, till all stopped, and the groom rode up to ask what was the matter.

The whole transaction was but the work of a moment; and their fond protectress being assured, by holding the agitated flutterers fast in her arms, that no accident could have happened to them, tried by the
tendrest

tendereſt ſoothing to make them ſay what had frightened or hurt them; but all ſhe could extract from their quivering lips could only cauſe her to ſuppoſe they had ſeen ſomebody; and by the motion of their hands towards the cauſeway, that whatever the object might be, there they had firſt deſcried it. She bade Warly look out, who ſaw nothing, becauſe inſtead of turning her eyes back, ſhe directed them forwards.

The groom who witneſſed this ſhort ſcene of confuſion, without comprehending it, very naturally ſuppoſed Lewis muſt have loſt the little box he appeared to value ſo highly, and galloped off to ſeek it on the road they had paſſed over. He had hardly turned the head of his horſe, when he ſaw a ſhabby looking foot traveller, who, though ſeemingly weak, was hobbling on at a great rate, as if trying to overtake an object he had loſt ſight of.

“ Have

“ Have you found any thing friend ?” said the groom, seeing the traveller halt as though he had something to communicate.

“ I thought indeed,” replied the man, “ I had found a treasure, but very much fear I have lost it again.”

“ That’s unlucky, father ; was it a small box ? Poor Master Lewis’s box ?”

“ Master Lewis ! Master Lewis’s box !” repeated Daddy Brown, (for it was himself)

“ Oh then I did see them ! My eyes might, but I knew my heart could not, have deceived me ! It was my own Lewis ! It was my own Loretta !”

“ I believe you are in the right ; for the little girl my lady loves so dearly is called Loretta.”

“ Blessings

“ Blessings on thy own head ! and a thousand blessings on the head of your lady ! But this tide of joy will kill me—I can stand it no longer.” And he sunk down, faint and trembling.

George wasted no time in trying to recover the good man, whom he was now quite sure, in his own mind, had been the cause of that confusion raised by the children, but turned back to carry the information to his lady.

Already Mrs. Osmond had unravelled the mystery, by means of a few unconnected sentences, in which the name of Daddy Brown was intelligible ; she now only waited till the groom came to let down the step, when bidding him follow them where he left the traveller, leading Lewis, and Warly carrying Loretta in her arms. They soon saw him staggering on towards them, when letting loose the little ones,

ones, they were gratified with a scene of transports so extravagant—of joy so complexed—of expression so wild—that even the secondary emotions of a spectator became almost too violent for the susceptible soul of Mrs. Osmond; who holding out her hand to Daddy Brown with that grace of equality she would have observed in presenting it to a person of rank, “Worthy creature,” said she, “accept this as a pledge of my future friendship.”

Overpowered by her condescension, Daddy Brown modestly retreated one step, and falling on his knees, tried to speak, but utterance was denied to his efforts, whilst his new-found children, unmindful of all but him, clung to his bosom, hung about his neck, kisses, smiles and tears making up the whole sum of their eloquence.

“ Rise, rise, good man,” cried the tenderly compassionate lady, (the almost as compassionate Mrs. Warly weeping and raising him from the ground) “ I will not be treated on this occasion as *your* superior, though I hope to equal you in deeds of kindness; these estimable children first belonged to you, they are now our *joint* property; and if we are to be partners in the treasures God has sent us, the forms of man should not prevent us from being friends.”

Again she tendered him her hand, which he ventured to touch as he would have done that of an angel, who had courted him to the same familiarity.

After many struggles, his words at last found a passage, though not a smooth one, astonishment, joy, gratitude, being so many stumbling-blocks in the way of his honest effusions,

effusions, that they came out slow and broken, yet so perfectly understood by those to whom addressed, that Mrs. Osmond, to heap on him still greater favours, insisted he should go home with *his* children in her carriage; and her attendant declared privately, the same day, to her fellow-servant Jonathan, that Mr. Brown was almost as kind hearted as their mistress, besides being a very civil, well-spoken man.

The offer of a place in the coach was respectfully, but as peremptorily declined by, as forced on the acceptance of, Daddy Brown, although the little ones united the fondest intreaties to the commands of their exalted benefactress; they could only obtain from him a promise to follow on foot, declaring in the same breath his great unworthiness to be seen under the roof of so noble a lady, looking down on his dress,

which indeed was more in the stile of a perambulator through an enemy's country, than a traveller over his own.

In order to bring the extremes of benevolent warmth and modest diffidence to any sort of union satisfactory to both, it seemed necessary an expedient should be invented; such was invented and proposed by Mrs. Warly, who said Mr. Brown, though he would not accept her good lady's offer of going in the carriage, nevertheless he might ride the groom's horse, who, as they had not more than seven miles to go, could very well fit with the coachman on his box.

This bright thought being much approved by her mistress, and not rejected by Daddy Brown himself, the arrangement was immediately formed; when after this short but pleasant detention, which from
the

the beginning to the end did not last more than a quarter of an hour, the happy travellers recommenced their journey.

The careffes of her little *protégés*, lately divided with a rival the most potent she could have encountered, were all devolved entirely on Mrs. Osmond, except that portion of them which their grateful hearts told them belonged to Warly, for having mounted Daddy Brown on horseback; and that joy, which at first was outrageous, then dumb, took another turn, it became loquacious, and however insignificant their prattle, it was neither heavy for want of pathos, nor rendered uninteresting from a scarcity of observation.

Here it must be premised, that from the bias of native delicacy, which taught them to recoil from undue assumption, even of such liberties as the uncommon indulgen-

cies of their patroness seemed to invite them from this praise-worthy systematic propriety, their harmless, sometimes touching, dialogues, were only in low voices directed to each other, and we may suppose how much to the entertainment of Mrs. Osmond, as she did not once interrupt them, lest the ease of their communication might fly before their immutable respect for her presence; on the contrary she laid back her head, shut her eyes, and pretended to sleep, the better to enjoy their unrestrained conversation; as did her equally curious attendant, who like all her sisters of the toilet, whether the example of their mistress be good or bad, are sure to make their conduct a precedent for their own.

Daddy Brown, little used to the motion of a horse, exerted his best endeavours to keep up with the carriage; but contrary to his

his efforts and his wishes, he was first forced to slacken his pace, and afterwards to keep so far behind, that the Orphans of Snowdon could see him no longer.

“ I wonder what is become of him,” said Loretta, “ can *you* guess, brother ?” — Having looked in vain, up the road and down the road, “ Do you think he is fallen into another pit, Lewis ?”

“ No ; there are no terrible pits hereabouts, nothing but green fields, full of gilding cups.”

“ I’ll tell you what, brother ?”

“ What, sister ?”

“ I do believe this is God a Mighty’s country, and our lady God a Mighty’s lady.”

L 4

“ Ah,

“ Ah, Loretta! how good it was of our dear, dear father to bid us find out this blessed country, and this blessed lady !”

“ I don't know what to do, because I am so very, very glad that Daddy Brown is come out of the pit again. I wonder if he has brought his fiddle ; did you see it at his back, Lewis ?”

“ I only looked in his dear face, Loretta.”

“ Nor I neither, brother ; but I wish he may have brought it, that when the lady is awake I may sing The Lark on high. Only think, Lewis, she would have us call her mother ; I love her dearly, but I can't do *that*, can you, Lewis ?”

“ I could if I was a great gentleman.”

“ And

“ And so could I, if I was a great lady ; but now I am ashamed, and so are you I suppose, Lewis.”

“ I believe I am ; but why should we be ashamed, as long as we have such good cloaths and ride in this fine coach ?”

“ Ah ! but you know she gave us our good cloaths, and lets us ride in her own fine coach.”

“ I wish, Loretta, this great lady was a poor woman, and then we should all live together, and we would dance and sing every day, to get a great deal of money, enough for her, and enough for Daddy Brown too.”

This is only a small extract from the volume of nature's language ; if I had not cut short the repetitions of her favourite

children, my book would be as profitable to the printer, and as laborious to the reader, as some of our most modern publications; from which it may be inferred, that where it contains only half the number of pages, there can in reason be no more than half the interesting recitals expected.

The further Daddy Brown's body was left behind, the closer his thoughts adhered to the vehicle which whirled from his strained fight his beloved, his lamented children.

When taken senseless from the bowels of the earth, by the miners coming to work in the pit, on the morning of his accident, and being less hurt than terrified, was soon recovered enough, not only to enquire for Lewis and Loretta, but also, on hearing they had not been seen by his deliverers, even to go in pursuit of them.

With

With trembling limbs and feeble steps, he sought for them everywhere round the spot from whence they had arisen to follow a treacherous vapour of illusive light, that did separate them for a little, and but for the interposition of protecting Providence, would have separated them for ever.

The first cries of Brown, as he called upon the names of his stray lambs, were those of a man just escaped from the jaws of death in its most violent form, weak, faint, scarcely articulate; but becoming strengthened by agony, soon his voice, like the roaring of a lioness robbed of her young, resounded over the hill and descended into every horrible cavern, which he supposed must have proved fatal to their precious lives.

After a search of several hours, despairing and distracted, with only one hope existing, he found his way back to the

public-house where they had taken their humble meal the preceding day, and here that hope was extinguished, the children had not returned thither. Many cottagers gathered about him to hear his disastrous tale of woe; all pitied, but not one of them could comfort him.

The humane hostess, poor as she was, and liable as she made herself to the expences of his funeral, should he happen to die under her roof, would nevertheless force him to lie down; but he could not sleep, nor did his groans permit that others within their sound should enjoy any better repose; so that when, towards morning, he got up and let himself out, nobody attempted to detain him, either by force or persuasion.

All that day he wandered from village to village, from house to house, but unfortunately missed the track they had taken.

He

He returned no more to the hills of Mendip; had he gone back to them, his heart would have burst afunder!—"They are dead," said he; "I shall go to Cornwall, take possession of that estate which I coveted but for their sweet sakes, will it to some other child of indigence, and follow them!"

He was in the very track whither these lamented children had but lately preceded him, when he made the heart-felt exclamation: at the same time a return chaise passed by, the postillion stopping his horses, asked would he accept of a lift, adding, "I am going to Taunton, and should your business lie that way, I think such a poor maze man as you look to be, is more fitter to ride than to walk; and as I see you have nothing to give, why I shan't ask you for nothing."

By

By means of this good-natured driver, Daddy Brown was able to gain so much upon the splendid equipage of Mrs. Ofmond, together with their having been detained so long at Bridgewater, that rendered their overtaking him, both pursuing the same road, a very natural occurrence : the only wonder is how, in one transient glance, Daddy Brown and the Orphans of Snowdon should have recognised each other.

It was the outspread arms, the shrill cries of Lewis and Loretta, that could alone have drawn the still overflowing eyes of their disconsolate guardian from the earth, where he had rivetted them, contemplating their untimely fate. Unmoved by the sound of the wheels, he would never have looked up to the carriage but for the well-known voices within. He did not believe his senses, neither could he resist the impulse

pulse of possibility. He looked, and was more than confounded. It was the air, the features, the voices of his children! Yet their dress, their situation, every thing about them, contradicted the evidence of fact, and before he could repeat to himself the question, "Are they, or are they not my precious children?" the coach had conveyed them beyond the reach of his calling, had he been collected enough to have made the effort, he therefore remained rooted to the spot until accosted by the groom, in these memorable words, "*Have you found any thing, friend?*"

Every other part of this joyful meeting being already recited, we shall now convey our reader to the gates of Osmond Lodge, thrown open to receive their well-beloved mistress, who entered them with her little train just as the village clock struck four.

The

The edifice, like the mind of its owner, was spacious, elegant, and accommodating to all who had any claims on its protection; as her heart opened to every touch of humanity, her doors gave admittance on the slightest summons of distress. Its situation had in it a strong mixture of the sublime and beautiful. It stood at the foot of a cultivated mountain, on the borders of Cornwall, crowned with stately pines, enriched with verdure, covered with flocks, and ornamented below by fanciful shrubberies, so curiously disposed by Art, yet so unlike her other performances, that Nature had the effrontery to impose it on all beholders for her own work. The merit she here only pretended to, in other parts of this delicious Eden was entirely her own; the limpid streams which watered the meadows were her's—the swelling river that divided the park and gardens was her's—her's were the wild perfumed raspberries—

ries—her's the acres of coppice wood from whence they sprung—she raised the mountain, which on one side bounded the extensive prospect—it was she who on the other side left it unbounded but by the ocean—and it was she whose picturesque pencil finished the enchanting landscape.

Such the habitation of Mrs. Osmond—such the asylum to which the mandate of Providence directed our Orphans of Snowdon.

Jonathan, the old gray-headed steward, his honest countenance flushed with joy, was the first to assist his lady from the carriage, who laying her hand on his offered arm, with a smile so gracious as benevolence itself might have adopted, having kindly taken notice of his good looks, told him there were two little strangers behind, who would require his aid more than she did.

Jonathan

Jonathan took the hint; he gave his hand to Lewis, and taking Loretta in his arms, set her down in the hall, crying out, "Happy, happy children! how fortunate your fates! Pray, as we all do, for the life of our good lady!"

"Must we begin to pray now, Sir?" asked Lewis.

"Our lady is pretty well, brother, so we may go to dinner first," said Loretta, "Mayn't we, Sir?"

Jonathan was now so busy in welcoming Mrs. Warly, as also in relieving her from the encumbrance of many little boxes and bundles, that he did not immediately attend to the questions of his new acquaintances. Mrs. Osmond having passed into an inner apartment, the respect due to her presence, which had before restrained the expression of that admiration which filled

filled his heart, removed with its cause, and he swore—yes, this good man, with fourscore years filed the on the register of time—this Christian veteran, who would have rebuked an oath from his superior—swore by his hopes of heaven, he felt for the lovely creatures of his mistress's bounty as much joy as if he had been their father, and the blessed lot fallen on the heads of his own children.

“ You are very, very good, Sir,” said Lewis.

“ What pretty hair you have got, Sir,” cried Loretta, who had scarcely taken her eyes from his flowing silver locks; “ I wish you would be so good to let me touch it.”

“ Do so and welcome, sweet babe,” raising her in his arms.

“ It

“It is very white and very soft,” smoothing it with both her hands. “I wonder Daddy Brown’s hair should be so black!—Can you tell, Sir, how long it will be before Daddy Brown comes?”

Mrs. Warly, seeing her friend Jonathan at a loss for the child’s meaning, explained it to him very much to the advantage of their expected guest; and on hearing that they had left him only seven miles from the Lodge, he told Loretta she would see him very soon; which prophecy was immediately verified, by the better mounted than appointed figure of Daddy Brown himself, almost at the door, so near that in another minute he had both the now completely happy Orphans, who sprang out to meet him, strained in his embraces.

Either considered as a true biographer,
or as the inventor of fable, I know that I
am

am equally obnoxious at the bar of criticism, for the proportion and regularity of my composition. I also conceive, that amongst the real misdemeanors for which no doubt I shall be most justly reprehended, there are others which may occur in shape so questionable as to draw on me a verdict of censure, unless the jury allow me to mitigate their sentence, by reconciling what must otherwise appear irreconcilable to truth and nature.

“Are you not,” says my accuser, “guilty of an unpardonable offence against nature, in making your Orphans of Snowdon with forms so diminutive, that at the age of eight and seven we see them lifted from the ground like paper kites, and Loretta carried about in arms like a sucking infant?”

“I bade them, Mr. Inquisitor, assume the forms in which they have appeared before

fore this tribunal, not for your entertainment or my own, but in obedience to the command of Truth. How then can I have offended in this instance of my fidelity to Truth?"

"Yet how," says another, "will you acquit yourself of a palpable insult to Nature, by adapting their capacities only to their inches? Is it not telling her to her face, that she wants skill to make little caskets hold great gems? that understanding nothing but the mere drudgery of journey-work, she can only fit her jewel to the size of its case; so that a stout boy of eight years old shall carry a score weight of cleverness in his pericranium, whilst the scull of your Lewis is not able to contain an ounce of knowledge, or he would not eternally talk of Daddy Brown, and such simple matters as try the patience of a reader, who must conceive him only one remove from an idiot? Your Loretta too is as
stupid

stupid as her brother; the observations you put into her mouth, might do well enough for a girl in leading strings, but *knowing* as children are in the present age, they are downright ridiculous."

"Enough, ungentle Critic, if I answer this charge to your satisfaction, with or without your leave, we will have done with the subject."

"Nature is a jealous, as well as a cunning performer, and fees with displeasure her most beautiful works defaced under the chisel of the polisher. These children were her favourite of all other productions; she did not therefore publish them to the world, but nursed them in her bosom at the foot of a mountain, gave them an old man for their instructor, from whose mind misfortune had banished the world, its elegancies, and its propensities; who could only teach them to serve God, to love one another,

another, and to forgive their own and the enemies of their father; so that when he died their stock of worldly knowledge was small indeed; nor could it receive much addition in the society of Daddy Brown and his monkeys, by which ordination of Nature they fell into the hands of Mrs. Osmond as pure, as simple, and as uninformed as they came from her own."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

